

THE PAPER THAT IS NOT LEFT IN THE TRAIN.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

Eye-witnesses  
Wanted.  
See Page 6.

No. 133.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.

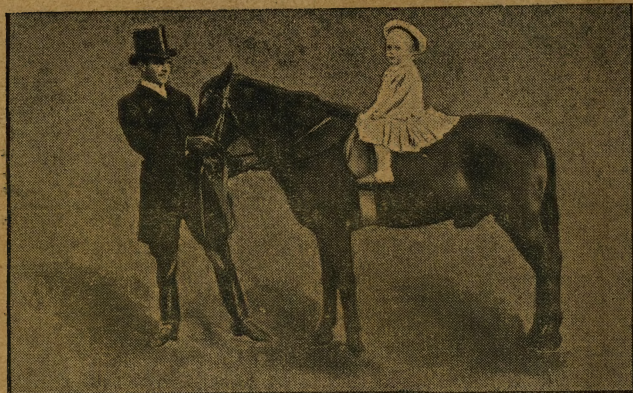
One Halfpenny.

## ROYAL CHILDREN MAKING HOLIDAY AT FROGMORE.



The four children of the Prince and Princess of Wales have been making the most of the fine weather, and during the last few days the three little Princesses and their sister have spent their days in the open air. Prince Henry, the youngest, whose fourth birthday was celebrated on the last day of last month, has a great fancy for sweeping up the dead leaves in Windsor Park and wheeling them away in his small wheelbarrow. [Lafayette.]

## PRINCE HENRY AND PRINCE ALBERT ARE FEARLESS ON THEIR PONIES.



Prince Henry, in spite of his years, gives promise of being a fine horseman. [Photo by Lafayette.]



Prince Albert, the second son of the Prince of Wales, is a keen and fearless rider, and delights in a gallop. [Lafayette.]

## OUR FUTURE KING AND HIS SISTER PROMISE TO BE GOOD RIDERS.



Princess Victoria is not a whit behind her brothers in the saddle, and will probably make as good a horsewoman as her mother. [Lafayette.]



Prince Edward, our future King, is now almost ten years old, and already looks upon himself as an old and experienced horseman. [Lafayette.]



## RUSSIA'S HOME DANGER.

Intrigues to Send the Tsar to War.

## THREATENED DYNASTIC CRISIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

I have learned upon absolutely reliable authority that the proposed departure of the Tsar for the seat of war next summer is really due to Court intrigues which may have very far-reaching results upon the future of Russia; and is only indirectly connected with the military operations; with which the Emperor would not personally interfere in any way.

The demand among all classes of society for a complete reform in the present system of Government has unquestionably been not a little strengthened by the action of the Emperor himself, who, acting upon the advice of the Empress, and greatly to the indignation of the reactionary party, has granted numerous private audiences during the last two years to influential, but non-official Russian Liberals, who were invited to explain their political views without reserve.

## Conservative Dowager.

The strongest supporters of the autocratic régime are the Dowager Empress and several members of the Imperial Family who are nearest in succession to the throne, so long as the Emperor's family consists of daughters only. Every effort is made by them to counteract the Tsar's personal desire for reform.

The Liberal party at Court, on the other hand, is warmly supported by the present Empress, and strongly urges the Emperor to grant a moderate Constitution with some form of an elected National Council. At the same time, he is advised, as a protection against any violation of the Constitution in the future by the reactionary Grand Dukes, who are now his nearest heirs, to exercise his unquestionable right of vesting the succession to the Crown in his daughters, failing the birth of a male heir to the throne, exactly as was done by Ferdinand of Spain, in favour of his daughters, Queen Isabella and her sister, afterwards Duchesse de Montpensier.

This project is naturally vehemently opposed by the "party of the Granddukes," which fully realises that the growing demand for reform will soon be irresistible if not promptly suppressed. This, in their opinion, can only be accomplished by a resolute Minister endowed with practically unlimited power.

It is evident that should the Tsar leave St. Petersburg for the seat of war, the appointment of such a Minister or Regent during his absence would be inevitable, and the unrestrained power of the Court could then be employed to crush the popular demand for reform as effectually, or at least as ruthlessly, as was done during the first years of the reign of Alexander III.

## Tsar's Difficult Position.

The position of the Emperor resulting from these conflicting intrigues is an exceptionally difficult, as his affectionate and somewhat too yielding character and the simple home life that he leads render him peculiarly susceptible to family influences, from which all previous Tsars were protected by the rigid etiquette of the Court.

Devoted to his wife and daughters, naturally anxious that a child of his own should be recognised as his successor upon the throne, and personally desirous to exchange the thorny autocratic crown for the easier one of a constitutional sovereign, he still remains in his daily and hourly relations with his mother, uncle, and cousins, the "little Nicks," who, from his childhood, has ever been wont to rely upon their advice in all difficult matters, and defer to their superior judgment or more masterful will.

## JAPAN'S ADVANCE.

Cossacks Engage Japanese Cavalry and Retreat.

Japanese reports from Seoul, dated Tuesday, state that the Japanese advance guard reached Sonchon, in the north of Korea, thirty-five miles from Wiju, without opposition, the Russians having withdrawn to the Yalu.

On the other hand, a report was current in St. Petersburg on the same day that an encounter took place near Sonchon between Japanese cavalry and a body of Cossacks.

For a time it would appear that the Cossacks obtained the upper hand, one report stating that the Japanese were actually in flight, but at that moment a body of Japanese infantry put in an appearance, and the tables were turned on the Cossacks, who were forced to retreat.

Major-General Kaschilinsk has reported to General Kuropatkin a skirmish between Russian Volunteers and a Japanese outpost from Wiju, which occurred opposite Turmeikien, on the Island of Matzeou. There were no casualties on the Russian side, the General says, but the Japanese had six killed, and the number of their wounded was not known.

It is shown, however, from the General's dispatch that the Russians have left Youghampo, at the mouth of the Yalu, for he says the Russian depôts there have been pillaged and burned, and the place is occupied by about 300 Japanese infantry.

It is believed that General Kuropatkin will await the attack of the Japanese on the north bank of the river.

The British and American newspaper correspondents who are to accompany Japanese land forces left Kôbe on Monday night.

## MAY MEAN BLOODSHED.

Boer Sham Fights at St. Louis Spell Danger.

## CANADIAN RESENTMENT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

There is a strong probability that the mimic representation of the Boer war at the St. Louis Exhibition may end in bloodshed. The antagonistic element will be represented by Boer-Irish fighters on one side and the Canadian scouts on the other.

General Ben Viljoen will command the Boers, and Major Ross will have the direction of the Canadian forces.

Before each battle it will be decided which side is to be defeated, but the difficulty will be to get either side to admit defeat and surrender.

There is not the slightest doubt that Boer victories will be hailed with delight by the American public, while their opponents will be saluted with derisive yells.

Major Ross, the Canadian, says he understands that it is on the programme for the Boers to lick the British and lead them back as prisoners, but he declares there will be some very hot fighting before it is accomplished, and that no Canadian will allow himself to be captured by a Boer, even in a mimic battle.

The Canadian scouts did some excellent service in South Africa, and they strongly resent being licked by Boers twice a day in the presence of a big crowd of Yankees.

The Irish-American and German-American element will be entirely on the side of the Boers. They will expect to see the British soldiers, the women and children to the wheels of the gun-carriages and flag them, as it was frequently depicted in the American Press during the war.

The ill-feeling between America and Canada is very intense, and the scouts have been informed by their friends in the Dominion that if they allow the Boer-Yankees to lick them they need not return to Canada.

## Attempt to Prevent Trouble.

It was owing to this prospect of trouble that an effort was made to stop the representation of the war; but, unfortunately, it failed.

The battles will take place in a large enclosure, several acres in extent, in the exhibition grounds, and a number of men are busy erecting fortifications, digging trenches, etc., to represent various scenes in the South African campaign.

Mr. Frank Ellis will take the part of Lord Roberts in the grand triumphal march on Pretoria.

In all American school books Great Britain is depicted as the traditional enemy of their country, and Ireland is described as an unfortunate island trodden under the iron heel of the English.

The mayor and aldermen of the City of New York refused to half-mast the flag on the city hall when Queen Victoria died, and take every opportunity to speak publicly against England.

## NEW MOTOR SPIRIT.

Mineral Refuse Extract Threatens the Reign of Petrol.

The reign of petrol as king of moving spirits for motor-cars is seriously threatened.

"You must not be surprised," said Mr. W. M. Lettis, of the firm of Messrs. Charles Jarrold and Lettis, to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, "if you hear very soon of a new spirit which will go far to revolutionise the cost of running automobiles."

"I am not at liberty at present to say very much about the matter, but I may tell you that experiments have been made with conspicuous success."

"Last Saturday I drove a Crossley car fitted with the ordinary petrol carburetor to Brighton and back, using solely the new product, and the results were entirely satisfactory."

"This is an essence of much the same specific gravity as petrol, but its price is only about half of that now charged for the common fuel. It is made from mineral refuse, and the secret of its extraction has been patented. The supply, I may say, is practically unlimited, and the patentee is preparing plant capable of turning out thirty or forty million gallons a year. The manufacture will be carried on within a few miles of London, the new spirit being an entirely British product."

## MAJOR SEELY RETURNED.

Major Seely was yesterday returned unopposed for the Isle of Wight, no other candidate being nominated.

## TAX ON OIL.

Pleases Scotland and Does Not Distress Motorists.

The statement in yesterday's *Mirror* as to the probability of a tax of a penny a gallon on petroleum and petroleum products being included in the coming Budget has aroused great interest.

In Glasgow commercial circles surprise was expressed that the Government had not ere this put a duty on imported petroleum, as the Scotch oil trade declare that one penny per gallon tax would do much to resuscitate the fortunes of the home oil industry.

At the Automobile Club yesterday a *Mirror* representative learned that but a languid interest is taken in the proposed tax.

"The price of petrol varies so much in different parts of the country," observed one of the club secretaries, "that it will be difficult to say whether we shall be very adversely affected. The London motor-car manufacturers and dealers as a rule supply their clients with petrol at about 1s. 3d. per gallon. They do not look to petrol for their profits, and they will most probably not increase its price even should the Chancellor of the Exchequer impose the tax."

## Small Dealers may Profit.

"In country districts, however, the small dealers, who now charge anything from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a gallon, will in all likelihood raise the price. Three-pence, I should say, will commend itself to the average village grocer as a proportionate increase to the motorist if he finds the wholesale people's expensive price is a penny a gallon more than at present."

"The result of this, of course, will be that people will fill their tanks in the large towns and cities, where competition curbs extortion, and the roadside storekeeper will bewail a decreasing trade."

Mr. J. W. Stocks, Mr. Cecil Edge, and other experts endorsed this view.

"Motor-car manufacturers," Mr. Edge remarked, "supply petrol as a convenience to their customers. The small difference between the price charged and that paid to the importer merely covers depreciation and loss in the garage. I do not think any first-class firm will increase its price for petrol merely because a penny tax is imposed."

"It seems clear that should Mr. Austen Chamberlain include the petroleum tax in his Budget scheme the principal sufferers will be the poorer classes, who depend upon paraffin for their lighting and other for their heating arrangements."

## ARRY'S PROFANING HAND.

Sacred Ruin a Playground for Holiday Trippers.

Since Easter Monday Chingford's old church has been much the worse for wear. The trail of the tripper is over it all; there is a new breach in its walls, its door has been burst open, and the hoof-mark of 'Arry and 'Arrett is all over 'the garden of sleep.'

This is the penalty that the old Church of St. Peter and St. Paul pays for being picturesque. A little while ago the roof of the nave fell in, and notices now warn the invader that he approaches the walls at his own risk.

For sixty years the old church has been crumbling, and it is quite fifteen years since Mr. Russell, the present rector, last held a service within its walls. Even then it was declared to be unsafe, for it has no substantial foundations, and the clay upon which it is built has been "cracking."

## ARSENIC POISONING CASE.

An anonymous letter sent to the Mayor of Kendal led to the arrest of a man and a woman on the charge of being concerned in causing the death of James Gilpin, an old man eighty-three years of age. The woman, Elizabeth Nicholson, had acted as his housekeeper, and the man, whose name is Metcalf, also lived in the house.

At an inquest held at Kendal yesterday evidence was given of the result of the post-mortem examination, which showed that arsenic was present in the organs.

Before the woman was arrested she told a neighbour she had been accused of poisoning Gilpin. After that she left the town, and was not arrested until two days later, when she stated that Gilpin must have taken arsenic by accident if he did take it.

Other evidence was given as to complaints by Gilpin of burning pains in the stomach the night before he died and of sickness.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder.

## PERSONAL.

"E.P.W."—Very disappointed; please write me fully.

WILLIAM PHILIP UPSON.—Wanted home at once—BOW.

NARCISSEUS.—Hope you find specimen interesting study.—WOMAN.

IVY.—Meet for needed help Stone Arch, Thursday morning, 9 o'clock. Omnia vincit amor.

TO A.—Dearest, please try and meet me this week. Heaps of love.—From T. E.

WITH you thought absent. Delighted with proof that you have given. Omnia vincit amor.

TRIX.—P.C. all right. Hope soon have long letter. Longing to see you, dear. Ever your.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.—LOST, on Friday, March 25, BLACK POODLE, black and white, seen in Manchester-square. Anyone returning the same to 36, Welbeck-street, will receive the above reward.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.—LOST, Good Friday morning, a Half-grown Chinchilla (light grey with dark markings) PERSIAN MALE CAT.—Anyone returning the same to 22, Post-street, will receive above Reward.

TWENTY SHILLINGS REWARD.—LOST a Gold and Pearl TURKISH RESCUE BROOCH on Sunday morning, April 3, in the neighbourhood of Farringdon-road. No further reward offered. Apply to Miss A. Eyre, 101, Farringdon-buildings, Farringdon-road, E.C.

KATIE.—Just received letter; would like to hear from you.

M.B.—When father says turn we all turn. Turn. Turn. Turn.

ANTWERP, November 4. By theatre, Darling of the Gods, Thursday, 2.30.

A.—THURSDAY impossible; make it next Tuesday.

WILL certain gentleman living Clapham say why he is disappointed, March 27.—ANASTATIA.

JAPPO.—Fried C. P. No go. A. P. next Saturday. If useless shall give no more notice.—CHINCH.

JANE.—Why have not sent sooner; been kept indoors with a nasty cold. Come; would be delighted to see you, just you are well and happy; write soon. Monday, 2.30.

LOST, Tuesday, April 5, between Westminster, Lowndes-square, Chesham-place, and Onslow-square, a 40 M.C. and ONE 40 M.C. "LOTE," numbers stopped.—If brought to 30, Onslow-square, will be REWARD.

"\* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 2 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of 6d. per word for 10, 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after. Address Advertiser's Manager, 'Mirror,' 2, Carnarvon-street, London."

## THE TIBET PROBLEM.

Lama's Obstinacy Creates a Difficulty.

## MISSION WILL GO FORWARD.

There is apparently more trouble before the Tibet Expedition. The terrible lesson of the fight precipitated by the obstinacy and folly of the Tibetans at Gura last week has not been taken to heart by the Dalai Lama in his seclusion at Lhasa.

He is still stiff-necked, and there is, according to official dispatches from Colonel Younghusband, nothing for it but to proceed to Gyantse.

It looks, judging from the unyielding disposition of the Tibetans in high place, as if further forward-incidents may be expected.

The mission will probably be in Gyantse in another week's time, and though every effort will be made to secure a settlement and avoid bloodshed, it is very possible that within the next few days important news may be forthcoming.

The telegrams which have been received from Lord Curzon by the Secretary of State for India are dated April 5, and are as follows:—

(1) Younghusband wires from Tuna, April 3: "I have received dispatch from the Amban in reply to mine. He says he was most anxious to come and meet me on his first arrival, but the Dalai Lama refused him transport. He now intends to come and meet me as soon as possible."

"In view of Tibetan obstinacy, he says there is no help for it, but we must go to Gyantse, though the Dalai Lama has written to him that we should go back to Yatung."

"I have written to the Amban giving him a short account of the fight, saying I shall be in Gyantse in another week's time, and hope to meet him with the high Tibetan officials there to make a settlement and prevent further bloodshed."

(2) Mission arrived at Gura April 4 without opposition.

## AFGHANS AND "INFIDEL MONARCHS."

The Amers recently convened a meeting of different representatives of the frontier tribes, and, taking his place among them as their leader, said they knew the British Government, on the one side, and the Russian Government on the other side, desired to fix the boundary. "Now," he added, "it rests with you whether the overtures of the two infidel monarchs be accepted or not."

The representative of the tribes in their reply said: "You are at liberty to give away the territory to any Government you wish, but if any Power is ready to take possession of your territory forcibly we are ready to defend it, provided we be given arms."

The reply was put in writing, and His Highness has submitted a copy to the British Government.

## STREET SHOOTING AFFRAY.

A desperate shooting affray occurred in a busy thoroughfare of Birmingham last night, the victim being a man named William Key.

Before anyone could interpose the assailant emptied five chambers at his victim, four bullets taking effect. The assailant then made off, pursued by the police, but succeeded in making good his escape. It was found at the hospital that Key had received altogether four wounds, and he now lies in a dangerous condition.

Later in the evening his brother was arrested, hiding in a bedroom close to the place where the affray took place.

## OSBORNE HOUSE'S NEW USE.

The first party of patients for treatment at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, arrived there yesterday afternoon. Eight convalescent military officers were received and conducted to rooms set apart for them. Many are expected to-day, and it is expected that the fifty beds which have been prepared will soon be occupied. The State apartments in Osborne House will be opened to the public for the first time on May 3.

## THE MAN IT WAS THAT DIED.

While attempting to drown a dog in the Thames at Crossness, a man named Webb lost his life and the dog escaped.

Webb took the dog out in a boat and having tied a rope round the animal's neck attached it to the rope and threw the dog into the water. The weight fastened to the rope was, however, not heavy enough to cause the animal to sink, and while Webb was trying to push it under the water by means of a pole, he overbalanced himself, and falling into the water, was drowned.

The dog managed to get clear of the rope and swam ashore.

## FIRE AT AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

Some children playing with matches caused a serious fire in the old church of St. Peter's, Ruthin. The floor was ablaze from one end to the other, and a portion of the fine roof, containing 500 carved pieces presented by Henry VII., was destroyed. After several hours work the outbreak was extinguished.

## AMERICAN COTTON MILLS ON SHORT TIME.

American cotton-spinners have adopted the Lancashire spinners' proposal for international short time during the present crisis.

This will greatly facilitate the success of the conference of representative cotton-spinners of the world, now being convened to be held at Paris.

Nathaniel Wright, who has died at Boston, Lines, at the age of 101, from a fracture of the thigh, was stated at the inquest yesterday never to have taken a bottle of medicine in his life.



**TO-DAY'S WEATHER.**

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Mild and changeable; fair periods with occasional rain in many places; gully south-westerly winds.

Lighting-up time: 7.42 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough in the south and east; rough in the Irish Channel.

**TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.**

The Japanese advance into Northern Korea is fully progressing, and it is believed that the Asian forces have concentrated on the north side the Yalu river. Cosacks and Japanese cavalry reported to have had a skirmish at Sonchon, in which the Japanese were being driven back, but reinforcements arriving forced the Cosacks to retreat.—(Page 2.)

Our St. Petersburg correspondent states that the proposal for the Tsar to proceed to the seat of war fully the result of Court intrigue.—(Page 2.)

Advices from Colonel Younghusband, received by the Secretary of State for India, state that the Tibetan Mission must proceed to Gyantse. There is a hope the high Tibetan officials will make settlement, and prevent further bloodshed.—(Page 2.)

Tooliganism has ended in the death of William Wilmot at Walthamstow. Charged with manslaughter, a young man named Molloy, who admitted his guilt, was at the local court remanded.—(Page 6.)

Miss M. C. Talbot, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Rochester, was married at Southwark to Rev. L. G. B. J. Ford, headmaster of Repton. The wedding was a very pretty one.—(Page 4.)

According to a Reuter message from Kabul the peace of Afghanistan has had considerable domestic trouble, and has carried into effect the fact that no one should have more than four wives.—(Page 2.)

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, authoress, pioneer lady journalist and advocate of women's rights, died yesterday at her home near Dolgely, aged sixty-two.—(Page 7.)

Major Seely was returned unopposed for the Isle of Wight division.—(Page 2.)

Finsbury residents are indignant at the letting of the town hall for Mormon meetings, and the matter will in all probability come before the Finsbury Council. Mr. T. J. Cannon, one of the Mormon missionaries, explains his views on the matter.—(Page 3.)

The Prince of Leiningen has died, after a short illness, at Amorbach, Bavaria.—(Page 3.)

Another bit of Old London, the old Black Bull Holborn, immortalised by Dickens, is to be demolished at an early date.—(Page 13.)

Investigating a case of suicide by gas poisoning the part of a female inmate of Holloway Prison, jury strongly criticised existing arrangements at that institution, and asked that the Prison Commissioners be asked to expedite necessary alterations.—(Page 6.)

Fitnesses for the defence were examined at Bow Street on the resumed hearing of the perjury case against Sophia Annie Watson, a convict. The prisoner wished two ladies called on her behalf, and the case was further adjourned for a purpose.—(Page 6.)

The engagement is announced of Lady Norah Wodehouse, daughter of Lord and Lady Sigo, to Mr. John Moore.—(Page 12.)

We reproduce an article on "Enthusiasm," in the pen of Mr. Arthur Brisbane, a gifted American writer whose work has commanded widespread attention.—(Page 5.)

Life practice bids fair to become popular with the masses. Two clubs, recently formed, have met with decided success, and competitions between cricket teams are contemplated.—(Page 4.)

Chelsea man who received a fortune on attaining his majority has died in a common lodging-house with a penny in his pocket.—(Page 6.)

When the young man Lee, accused of murdering his wife at Birkenhead, was before the magistrate, the police applied for a remand, in order that the affair might be carefully investigated. This granted.—(Page 7.)

The questionable pleasures of a journey on the South-Eastern Railway to Gravesend are depicted.—(Page 7.)

A Birmingham Coroner's Court the boy Ernest Lee, who is under remand, heard the story of his mother's death related by relatives present in the quarrel. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against accused.—(Page 6.)

Bluejackets drew the carriage of a comrade killed at Hastings a distance of two miles.—(Page 3.)

Stafford House will be the scene this season of a number of social functions organised for the benefit of charities.—(Page 4.)

Woolwich Arsenal's prospects of promotion into League I. are discussed in a special article.—(Page 1.)

Racegoers at Warwick witnessed an exceptionally finish in the race for the Plate, Jarvis, who carried Goring Heath, passing the post a short distance in front of Aristote.—(Page 15.)

Possible reduction in the Bank rate was discussed. "Change. The upward tendency in Consols continued, and the Home Railway market remained firm. Americans were better. Foreign securities, on the other hand, were less settled. There was a alteration in the Kafir market.—(Page 14.)

**To-day's Arrangements.**

Lord Mayor presides at a Luncheon in connection with the Society of Work of the City Temple, at Ten Miles Limit: Board of Trade Inquiry at 10 a.m.

Royal Masonic Institution for Girls: General Court, Masons' Tavern, 12.0.

Antiquary Company: Exhibition of Plates, 8.0.

Including: Alexandra Park, Leicester, Catherine.

**CRYING SCANDAL OF MORMONISM.**

**Londoners Protest Against an Immoral Creed Being Preached in Their Midst.**

"Polygamy is a Divine principle, but it is no longer practised among the Mormons since the Lord in a revelation told our Church that it must cease."

This statement was made yesterday to a *Mirror* representative by Mr. Tracey Young Cannon, one of the 294 grandchildren of Brigham Young.

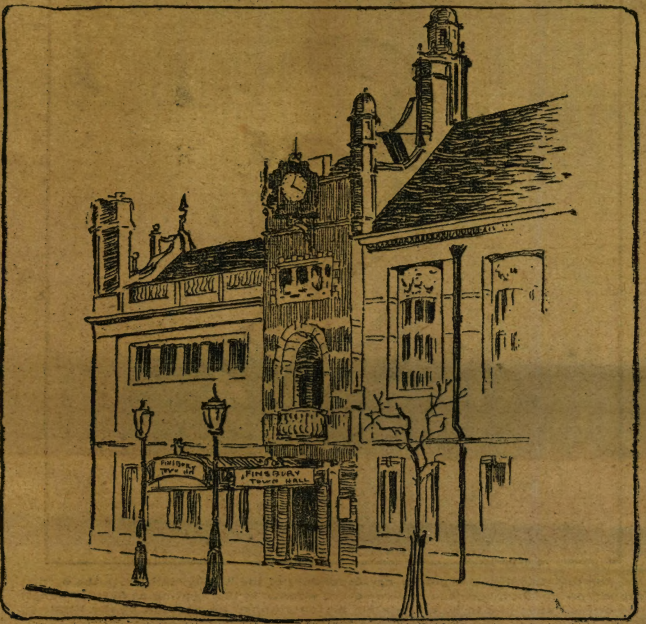
"We intend to continue our meetings at Finsbury Town Hall," Mr. Cannon stated, "but we have no

bold encouragement of immorality and licensing of vice. I see that the Mormon missionaries state that they do not preach polygamy; but that is all nonsense. The first principle and basis of the Mormon creed, as laid down by Joseph Smith, is polygamy, and reliable narratives told by English persons, and Americans also, who have lived in Utah, go to show that polygamy is practically universal among the Mormon community.

"Salt Lake City is a city of sin and shame, and it is a deplorable crime that the Government of this country should allow men under the cloak of religion to lure English girls and women to such a place."

In view of the revelations that have occurred, even recently, of the practices of Mormon missionaries, it is futile for representatives of the creed to declare that polygamy no longer exists in the

**WHERE MORMONISM IS PREACHED.**



The ratepayers of Finsbury are scandalised that their town hall should have been lent by the borough officials to a band of Mormon missionaries, who are at present preaching the creed of the Latter Day Saints in this country.

desire to get our converts to go to Utah. Of course, if any desire it we give them all the assistance in our power, but we prefer that they should stay in England."

Mr. Cannon is one of the band of Mormon missionaries at present preaching the creed of the Latter Day Saints in England. He told the *Mirror* representative that he had already been three years in London, but did not intend to remain here. The missionaries, he explained, are

Mormon community. In almost every country town in England and Ireland stories are told of young girls who have been induced to emigrate to Utah, and it is only a few months ago that in the country districts round Montreal, the authorities noticed that there was a regular exodus of women, who left in parties of a dozen or more for Utah. The cause of this was traced to two men, who were at first supposed to be emigration agents, but who, on stricter investigation, proved to be Mormon missionaries. A term of imprisonment concluded their career in that district.



MR. TRACEY YOUNG CANNON, one of the Mormon missionaries in Finsbury, is one of the 294 grandchildren of Brigham Young. He says that "polygamy is a Divine principle."

selected from volunteers from the Mormon congregation in Salt Lake City.

"I cannot afford to stay long in England," he declared, "for every missionary pays his own expenses, so I shall have to return shortly to Salt Lake City, and take up my work again."

Public opinion is greatly excited by the knowledge that proselytising to Mormonism is openly carried on in London, and in Finsbury especially indignant ratepayers are denouncing the municipal authorities for letting their town hall be used for giving publicity to what is characterised as a disgusting and immoral creed.

A representative who called yesterday at Finsbury Town Hall found it impossible to see the officials responsible for letting the hall to the Latter Day Saints, but it is extremely probable that the result of the discussion of the matter among the ratepayers will be that a question will be raised at the next meeting of the Borough Council, and the Town Hall officials will be called upon to explain their action.

"It is a terrible scandal," said a prominent ratepayer of the district yesterday, "that our town hall should be used for such a purpose. It is a

**Ratepayers' Righteous Wrath.**

The following letter signed "Finsbury Ratepayer," selected from many received on the subject by the *Mirror*, shows how strong is the indignation at the action of the council officials in letting Finsbury Town Hall to Mormon missionaries:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

I am glad to see by your issue of this morning that you are attacking the scandal of allowing Mormon proselytisers to preach their objectionable creed in our public hall. It is time, as you suggest, that some strong action should be taken. My proposal is that an indignation meeting should be organised at which the town clerk of Finsbury should be called upon to explain why he let the town hall to the Mormon missionaries. Why should not the aliens law be adopted to exclude these undesirable?



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, the daughter of the President of the United States, has been "snapshotted" by a photographer while in the act of making a bet on a racecourse. To prevent such an accident happening again, she has been sent on a visit to some relatives.

**JACK'S WEDDING.**

**Bride's Carriage Drawn by a Team of Bluejackets.**

Give the handyman any opportunity and he will manage to organise a jollification, but nothing suits him better than a wedding for the display of his overflowing spirits.

At a wedding at Hastings the other day the bridegroom was a sailor named Frederick Malins,



At a recent wedding at Hastings the bridegroom was a sailor, and twenty of his fellow-bluejackets dragged the carriage through the streets.

and his fellow bluejackets determined to give the occasion a nautical turn.

As the blushing bride and bridegroom left the church the pair of grey horses were taken from the carriage, and two drag ropes were attached and manned by twenty bluejackets.

No sooner had the happy couple taken their places than their willing team started off at a run, as though towing a field-gun. After a two-mile trip the carriage was taken to the home of the bridegroom's parents in Felham-street, where appropriate entertainment and refreshment followed.

Our illustrations are from photographs specially taken by a *Mirror* reader.

**INVENTED THE NAVAL BEARD.**

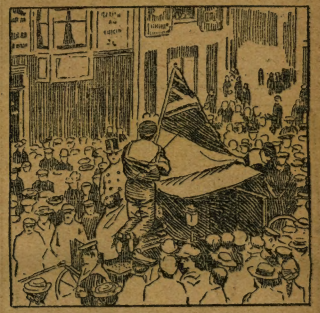
**German Commander of the Royal Yacht and His Unpleasant Experience.**

Admiral his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, son of a half-brother of Queen Victoria, has died, after a short illness, at Amorbach, Bavaria.

Ernest Leopold Victor Charles August Joseph Emich, Reigning Prince of Leiningen, Count Palatine Mosbach, Count of Durn, and Lord of Amorbach, Miltenberg, Bischofsheim, Boxberg, and Landau, to give him his full title, entered the Navy in 1849.

After service in Burma and the Crimean war, he was, from 1863 to 1876, in command of the royal yacht.

It was during the last year of his tenure of this position that the unfortunate collision occurred



A party of bluejackets, at the wedding of one of their messmates, decorated the carriage with an ensign, and dragged the happy couple home in triumph.

between the royal yacht, on which Queen Victoria was crossing from Cowes to Portsmouth, and the small yacht *Mistletoe*.

In order to get a good view of the royal yacht, the *Mistletoe* approached too near, and, ignoring the rules of the road, was run down, and four lives were lost.

The unfortunate incident naturally caused great excitement at the time, and so strong was the feeling at Portsmouth against the Prince of Leiningen and his officers that they had to be protected by the police on their way to and from the courthouse, where the inquest on the bodies of the victims was held.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of Manslaughter, but the Bill was thrown out by the grand jury at the next assizes. The court of inquiry held at Portsmouth fully exonerated the Prince and his officers.

The Prince is always credited in navy circles with having introduced the well-known naval beard into the service.

Fifty workmen were impelled by a fire among the timbers of the subway in Broadway, New York, and an opening had to be cut in the platform with axes to enable them to escape.



# BISHOP'S DAUGHTER MARRIED

Pretty Wedding of Miss Mary Talbot at St. Saviour's, Southwark.

St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, one of the oldest and largest places of worship in London, is seldom the scene of a wedding of more than local interest.

Yesterday, however, Miss Mary Catherine Talbot, eldest daughter of the Bishop of Rochester, was married at the episcopal headquarters of her father. The bridegroom was the Rev. L. G. B. J. Ford, formerly assistant-master at Eton, and now headmaster of Repton.

The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, and she was given away by her mother. Her wedding dress was of cream satin, with old lace, and the only ornament she wore was a necklace of pearls, the gift of her father and mother. The seven bridesmaids wore cream and gold.

Among the 600 presents were an opal necklace from the Prime Minister, a large diamond orna-



THE REV. LIONEL FORD, Headmaster of Repton, was married yesterday to Miss M. C. Talbot, daughter of the Bishop of Rochester.

[Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photo by Hill and Saunders, Eton.

ment for the hair from the uncles and aunts of the bride (among whom are Lord Cobham, General Sir Neville Lytton, and the Colonial Secretary), an emerald and diamond ring from the sisters and brothers of the bride, some books from the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson, a silver bowl from the Bishop of London, and an enamel and pearl pendant from Lady Frederick Cavendish, aunt of the bride.

## DINING ON NOTHING.

Generosity has been the undoing of M. Claude Braille, a Parisian, penniless, but endowed with ingenuity above the common.

Hunger sharpened his wits (writes our Paris correspondent), and he evolved a cunning scheme for satisfying the cravings of his inner man.

Entering a restaurant, he would order a meal, more or less tempting, discuss the dishes at his leisure, and when the waiter approached with the reckoning would demand, with the air of an English landlord, to see the proprietor.

To him M. Braille would explain briefly that he had no money, and politely request that he



MISS M. C. TALBOT, who was married yesterday at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, is the daughter of the Bishop of Rochester.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.

should be arrested. The ruse succeeded, and the disgusted restaurateur always satisfied himself by turning the penniless diner out of doors.

Puffed up by success, Braille one evening invited a friend to join him. "You will risk nothing," he said to his guest, "for you are the invited. As for me, it will cost me nothing. I am delighted to be of use. One must be friendly."

After feasting to the extent of £fr. 50c., when Braille demanded arrest with his customary sangfroid, he was taken at his word, and both he and his "guest" were haled off by the gendarmes. The magistrate sentenced both vagabonds impartially to durance vile.

# FAIR SHARPSHOOTERS.

Rifle Practice Promises To Be Popular with Ladies.

England can now boast of more than one ladies' rifle club. During the coming summer fair "marksmen" will be regularly shooting against each other both at Bushey and at Arkley, near High Barnet, and there is even a possibility of the two clubs meeting in friendly rivalry.

The Arkley ladies are now entering on their first season's serious shooting. The village has a men's rifle club, which for some time has been very popular among all classes in the district.

## WOUNDED WAR CORRESPONDENT.



Mr. Edmund Candier, the plucky correspondent of the "Daily Mail" with the British expedition in Tibet, received twelve severe wounds in the fighting at Guru. Though one of his hands had to be amputated, he telegraphed an account of the battle to England.

[by a "Mirror" artist.

Wives, daughters, and lady friends of this club's members, interested in the men's sport, started a little club of their own. The president of the masculine association offered a prize rifle to be shot for among the ladies, and this was won, after a keen contest, by Miss Maud Dean, a young lady very popular in the neighbourhood, whose father was a fine marksman. Now a silver cup has been offered, to be won three years in succession before becoming the property of the winner, and the fair "marksmen" are entering into the competition with zest.

### Prefers a Heavy Weapon.

"We use a light Remington in shooting, though personally I prefer a heavier weapon," said Miss Dean, who is secretary of the club, in response to inquiries. "The more expert among us sometimes use the 200 yards range with full-sized rifle and Morris tube, but the range we regularly shoot over is a twenty-five yards one, and the targets are drawn on scales equivalent to a 200, 500, or 600 yards range. Of course, we arrange our field days so as not to clash with the men's."

At present the membership is limited to thirty enthusiasts, but this number will probably soon be increased, for, as a ladies' sport, rifle shooting has many advantages over golf, tennis, and other outdoor games. As one of the ladies pointed out, the exercise is not violent, and the subscription, to the Arkley Club at any rate, is very small. The ladies show no reluctance to adopt the prone position most in favour among the experts at Bileley, though some kneel and others favour the "sitting-on-heel" attitude. Weather does not affect them much, for their shooting, like the men's, is chiefly done from the shelter of the pavilion.

"I have heard Queen Elizabeth was a marksman, and why should not we be?" asked one fair damsel. "It is a far more ladylike amusement than hockey or cricket, and we are getting on very well; our scores at our small range do not compare at all badly with the men's."

The ladies deserve all praise for their enterprise. Such patronage may do much to increase the popularity of rifle shooting, which was but a few years ago so seriously advocated by England's Prime Minister, among men. Why should not rifle shooting become as popular among ladies as archery was a few years ago?

## STAFFORD HOUSE FETE.

[Photographs of Stafford House and the Duchess of Sutherland on page 8.]

Like Grosvenor House, Stafford House nowadays is more often thrown open for a charitable entertainment than for any other function.

This coming season it has been promised for a great number of concerts and fêtes, most important of which is the concert and dance in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild, a charity in which the Duchess of Sutherland takes much interest.

Stafford House is held by the Duke of Sutherland on lease from the Crown. Concerts always take place in the spacious marble hall, round which runs a gallery approached by two staircases; and the ballroom is entered at one end by golden doors, which are only opened on the occasion of a wedding.

Much interest is being evinced in this concert-dance on July 1, and many tickets have already been sold.

# FIRST LADY JOURNALIST.

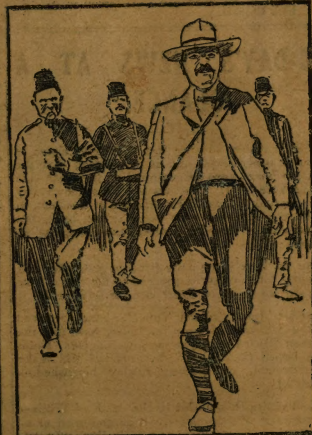
Miss Frances Cobbe, Whose Remarkable Career Closed Yesterday.

[A photograph of Miss Cobbe appears on page 9.]

The death of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, to the infinite regret of all who know her and the many more to whom her writings were the voice of a friend, occurred yesterday morning at her Welsh home, Hengwrt, near Dolgelly, at the age of eighty-two. She was the authoress of more than

twenty books, the pioneer of lady journalists, the great advocate of woman's rights, and a great opponent of vivisection.

As a journalist, her career was, for a woman, exceptionally brilliant. For years she was leader-writer to the "Echo." At another time she acted as Rome correspondent for the "Daily News,"



MR. R. WYON,

also a war correspondent of the "Daily Mail," during the recent troubles in Monastir was ordered to leave by the Turkish officials, but refused to go. He was eventually given permission to remain, but was followed about by a Turkish guard. He has just written a book of his experiences.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.

besides contributing articles and essays to leading periodicals.

It has been claimed for her that she was the first lady to do regular office work on the editorial staff of a London daily.

Miss Cobbe used to boast that she never once failed to be at the newspaper office to time.

"I proved, I hope, once for all, that a woman may be relied on as a journalist no less than a man," she said.

Among her friends, she counted, as was natural, the great men of her day, Martineau, Darwin, Bright, Renan, Manning, Tennyson, and Gladstone.

When Miss Cobbe visited the Great Pyramid her five Arab guides stopped suddenly, and demanded money by menaces, and it was her strong character and great courage in facing them boldly that saved the situation and her.

## TWENTIETH CENTURY AMAZONS.



Even at the rifle butts women are now competing with men. Clubs have been started, and fair sharpshooters are already becoming deadly shots. At Arkley, near High Barnet, a silver challenge cup has been presented to the ladies' rifle club, and enthusiastic members are entering into the competition with zest.

[Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.



Below is a specimen of one of the leading articles in the "New York American," written by Mr. Arthur Brisbane. Mr. Brisbane is paid £10,000 a year for daily contributions which are read by millions of admirers.

## THIS KEY OPENS MANY DOORS.



WITHOUT IT RESULTS ARE POOR. IT EXPLAINS THE MENTAL ACTIVITY AND ALERTNESS THAT BRING SUCCESS.

**E**NTHUSIASM is the quality in human beings which causes them to go about their pursuits ardently.

The word enthusiasm itself is based upon Theos, meaning God. And enthusiasm may, with all reverence, be called the most godlike quality of human nature.

The writing of this editorial on enthusiasm is based upon the belief that we can cultivate that vital quality in ourselves. It would be useless to write in praise of qualities beyond the individual's power of development. That would only call up regrets and do no good.

We find genuine enthusiasm back of every great personality and every great achievement.

Enthusiasm especially implies the capacity to believe and to try that which has not yet been done or proved feasible.

Enthusiasm took Christopher Columbus across the ocean, Napoleon over the Alps, John Brown to his death.

Enthusiasm leads the small American boy from his stand as office boy at the door to be head of the firm.

The lack of enthusiasm explains the lack of success in thousands and millions of us.

It is especially important that those who hire men should realise how much enthusiasm means. The very enthusiastic boy or young man is not always the most pleasant to deal with. He may be over-confident, he may be absurdly ambitious and self-reliant, he may have a frankly good opinion of himself that is irritating to the worn and tried man of experience.

But he who fails to appreciate enthusiasm, even in its somewhat unpleasant aspects, makes a great mistake in the long run.

Some names in America are very well known in connection with famous mines. Such names as Mackay and Flood and others are associated with success built on enthusiasm mainly. It takes enthusiasm to keep on prospecting and trying, where others have got discouraged and given up. It takes enthusiasm to keep on digging into the earth, while others laugh at your foolish efforts.

If enthusiasm is important to the miner it is a thousand times more important to the inventor. It is his only refuge and help in his thankless work.

Every great discovery that adds to our wealth and comfort now is the fruit of some man's enthusiasm. To that enthusiasm we owe sewing machines, steamboats, locomotives, electrical inventions, spinning machinery.

Every inventor has been discouraged, people refuse to listen to him, success comes very slowly. Without the enthusiasm that keeps hope alive he must have failed.

What is the difference between the man or woman of enthusiasm and the one lacking enthusiasm?

Can we develop enthusiasm in ourselves? Those are the important questions. Enthusiasm is a quality of the mind. Its essence is mental vitality. In some it is naturally abundant, in others apparently absent.

But it can be cultivated. Good health is the great essential. Dyspepsia will turn the most enthusiastic man into a morose pessimist.

Enthusiasm, like all other good qualities, depends on health primarily.

It depends also on the way we control our own minds and the view that we make ourselves take of life—we do, to a great extent, control our thoughts and our mental attitudes.

The first thing is for a man to devote himself to that which he feels to be important, which he feels to be the best thing that he can do.

Suppose that in the country you look at a corner store, with a lot of men sitting about on boxes. They are idle, dull, apparently with nothing to interest them. There is no enthusiasm in them.

But suppose that a house across the street takes fire, and a helpless woman or child is seen on the roof. Does not every one of those dull men instantly become an enthusiast? The enthusiasm which the emergency calls forth is not verbal only—it finds expression in deeds, in courage, in self-sacrifice. And you see the man, who would hardly move from his empty barrel to better himself, struggling for a chance to risk his neck to help another human being.

To be really enthusiastic a man must be engaged in something which he believes to be important and to be worthy; another kind of enthusiasm, but an inferior kind, is based upon absolute selfishness—upon eagerness for personal profit only.

How can a young man tell when he lacks enthusiasm? Very easily. If his attitude toward the world is a complaining one, if he feels that he is not appreciated, if he feels that he has not a fair chance in life, if he is convinced that he would be very successful

and much admired if he had his just dues, he may be sure that he lacks enthusiasm and has got foolishness in its stead.

The basis of enthusiasm is dissatisfaction with present conditions, and a determination to change them. That is the enthusiasm which stirs up genuine oratory and productive statesmanship.

We cannot all be statesmen, orators, great inventors, liberators of the people or pioneers in scientific work. But we can all be genuine enthusiasts, and use our enthusiasm in the best work at our hand.

It is especially important that parents and all other men and women should encourage enthusiasm in the young.

A national crime is the constant tendency to repress the enthusiasm of children. Never mind if they do exaggerate a little; never mind if they do get wildly excited about trifles.

The enthusiastic, overwhelmingly rampant, planning and excited child of to-day is the successful man of the future generation.

Employers should encourage enthusiasm in those dependent upon them. We should all remember that judicious praise is the fuel on which enthusiasm lives. We should never bestow that praise invidiously, never withhold it when it is deserved.

The same man will give absolutely different results working under two absolutely different employers. One, by calling up enthusiasm, will secure the co-operation of a man devoted to his interests; the other, dampening enthusiasm, checking suggestiveness and attempted originality, will get only routine, ineffective work.

The same may be said of the difference between fathers and mothers. In the hands of certain parents the child is developed, his spirit and mind encouraged to grow, through the encouragement of all his enthusiastic moods. With other parents the same child would be mentally stunted through constant reproof, through stupid effort to force sedateness and unnatural solemnity on an immature mind.

No wonder the asylums for homeless children turn out tens of thousands of poor, hopeless automata—sad-eyed, languid, hopeless in advance. The institutions for children, conducted without individual care or encouragement, kill the child's enthusiasm, quieting its shouts to a whisper, and killing its hopes for the lack of a sympathetic ear.

We advise young men and young women, and especially old men and old women, to stick to their enthusiastic view, add to their enthusiastic force.

Be hopeful, be optimistic, be determined to succeed, and success will come.

### AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** TO-NIGHT at 8  
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
Preceded at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.20

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** MR. TREE.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
Zakuri ..... Miss LENA ASHWELL  
Yo San ..... Mr. TREE

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. Watkin) open daily 10 to 10.

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LAST NIGHTS. LAST NIGHTS.  
EVERY EVENING at 8. SATURDAY MATINEES, at 2  
By Mr. LEWIS WALLER

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.  
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Preceded, at 8.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

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TO-NIGHT and 2 following nights, at 8.20.  
LAST THREE PERFORMANCES OF  
OLD HEIDELBERG.

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Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Ger. —ST. JAMES'S.

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Mr. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-  
MOON (8 o'clock). By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

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RANDALL, GEORGE ROBERT, George Lashwood,  
GUS ELLY, L.V. Burnand, HARRY LAUDER, the  
Polanski, Ensign Fields and other stars—Open 7.30.  
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## SUICIDE IN PRISON.

**Jury Condemns the Conditions at Holloway.**

Very strong criticisms were passed by a coroner's jury yesterday upon the conditions existing at Holloway Gaol, which had made it possible for a prisoner to commit suicide.

A Jewess, named Elizabeth Miers, who was undergoing a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment for fraud, was found lying dead on her bed on Monday morning. After plastering up all the openings for ventilation, she had taken the burner off the gas bracket, and died from suffocation. From the appearance of her body, she looked as if she had died in her sleep, but a witness stated that it was possible she might have placed her mouth over the bracket, and inhaled the gas, and then fallen back upon the bed. A wardress stated that the tap of the burner lighting

## MOTHER KILLED BY HER SON.

**Little Sister's Pathetic Story of How Her Brother's Anger was Provoked.**

His slim, frail figure contrasting strangely with the stalwart frame of the policeman keeping guard over him and the solicitor sitting by his side, Ernest Walter Lee, a boy of fifteen, sat in the Birmingham Coroner's Court yesterday while his father and a little sister of thirteen described how he killed his mother in the course of a quarrel. The delicate-looking boy's pale face showed traces of how keenly he felt his position, but for the greater part of the proceedings he kept his head bowed upon his breast.

In a broken voice his father first told how he was aroused from an afternoon sleep on Easter

it. Really, I did not. Oh, mother, have I hurt you?"

"He was a good lad to his mother," his father said in answer to a question by the solicitor appearing on behalf of the boy. "She was rather hasty when in a temper. I have seen her throw a boot at the lad. She would pick up anything, but when it was over she bore no malice."

The distressed father was unable to suppress constant sobs while evidence was given by his daughter Florence, a bright girl of thirteen, who was the only witness of the fatal struggle between mother and son.

She had returned from Sunday-school to find her brother Ernest laying the table for tea, she said. He was rather long time in the pantry, and she asked him if he were eating the meat. He came out and asked her what had made her think that.

"I thought that he was going to be nasty about it, so I called mother down. Mother said, 'I thought you two were together again,' and then Ernest said, 'You are always on to me.' Then there was a quarrel."

"Did both of them say angry things?" asked the coroner.

"Yes. Mother was the worst, though."

"What happened then?"

"Ernest had the file in his hand."

"Mother struck Ernest with her fist. Ernest guarded himself. Then mother picked up a poker. I didn't see her strike him with it, but they had a struggle, and I went between them. Ernest had the file in his hand."

This file, which had a long, daggerlike point, was produced in court. It had been kept on two nails under the parlour clock. After she had helped her mother to the sofa, the little girl found the weapon on the floor, and flung it into the garden.

Continuing her story, she said that her mother suddenly went very pale, and said, "He has scared me." Her brother then burst out crying, and said he did not mean to hurt her. Then her mother lost consciousness.

A neighbour stated that Mrs. Lee was later able to walk upstairs with assistance. Ernest followed her, crying, "Mother, will you forgive me?" At that time, however, she was past understanding

## COUNSEL IN THE DOCK.

**Female Convict's Spirited Conduct of Her Case.**

Charged with committing perjury, Sophia Annie Watson, a convict undergoing three years' penal servitude, appeared on remand at Bow-street Police Court. Accused brought an action for breach of promise against Major-General H. T. Fitzhugh, formerly one of the visiting justices at Lewes Gaol, where she was at one time an inmate. She claimed £10,000 damages, but was unsuccessful, the present proceedings being subsequently instituted.

For the prosecution, Mr. Williamson called one more witness. This was Mrs. J. L. Weeks, who travelled with General Fitzhugh from Hassocks to Brighton, where the prisoner alleged that the promise of marriage was made to her by the General. Witness said she did not hear any words passed between the two. Had any offer of marriage been made in the carriage she must have heard it.

The prisoner cross-examined the witness at some length. "Are you acquainted with the General?" she first asked Mrs. Weeks, and when the latter replied that she was, she remarked with some emphasis, "Oh, I thought so."

"Are you not committing direct perjury when you say you were in the train at all? Has not this been arranged since?" she asked. Mrs. Weeks replied that she had not seen the General since.

Addressing the magistrate in defence, the prisoner adhered to her story, insisting that she had told the truth. She also complained of unfair treatment, and afterwards put a number of questions to witness, called at her request. Mr. Harmer, station-master at Hassocks, questioned as to whether he saw her in the General's company at that station in October, 1900, said he could not remember having seen the prisoner at all during that year. He had seen her twice since.

"Perhaps he has lost his memory," was her comment.

## Her Son in the Box.

Ernest John Marcus Watson, band-boy on H.M.S. Boscawen, said prisoner's was his mother.

Prisoner: Did you ever go to the General's house?—Yes, in a carriage with you.

Did you see me speak to the General's sister there?—Yes; the General was not there, but we met him as we were returning in the carriage.

Did you see a diamond ring that the General gave your mother?—Yes; you showed it to me and said the General gave it to you.

In reply to further questions the boy said he remembered seeing a letter to his mother from the General requesting that no further correspondence should pass between them.

Prisoner: Yes, the letter came by post. I threw it on the table and he read it.

The witness added that his mother once told him that she was to be married to the General.

A cabdriver named Kennard deposed to driving accused with her son to Street Vicarage, Hayward's Heath, in October, 1900. On the way the prisoner called to him to stop, as she wanted to speak to General Fitzhugh, who was passing. The General, however, told him not to stop, as he did not wish to speak to her, and witness accordingly drove on.

Prisoner said she wanted to subpoena two ladies, and on that account she was again remanded, the magistrate directing the police to render her every assistance.

## IS HOOLIGANISM REVIVING?

Though at various London sessions courts recently comment has been made upon the decline of hooliganism, the evil is by no means extinct. A serious assault on a coffee-stall customer took place in the neighbourhood of Euston a few days ago, and another apparent instance of hooliganism was investigated by the Stratford magistrates yesterday when a youth of twenty named Henry James Molloy was brought before them on charges of manslaughter and assault.

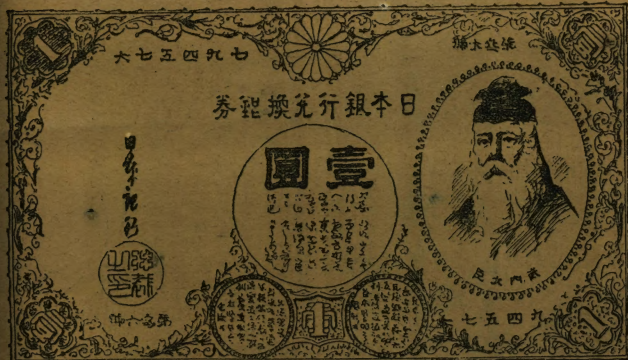
It appears that on Easter Monday a middle-aged labourer, named William Clements, and his niece and nephew, a Mr. and Mrs. Lambdon, were walking along Blackhorse-lane, Walthamstow, when a gang of youths made insulting noises as they passed. Mrs. Lambdon remonstrated, whereupon one of the youths, alleged to have been Molloy, hit her and knocked her down, and afterwards struck Clements. The latter fell, his head striking the pavement. His skull was found to be fractured, and he died in hospital the next day.

A detective having told the magistrates that after his arrest Molloy admitted having struck Clements and Mrs. Lambdon, a remand was ordered.

Police-men variously disguised as chimney-sweepers, river bargemen, and labourers secured the arrest of eight bookmakers who were dealt with yesterday at the South-Western Court.

The dead body of Charles Henry Brown, traveller for a West End firm, was found on the line at Honor Oak Park Station yesterday. In the clothing was a note asking the firm to be kind and just to his wife and children.

## THE SINEWS OF WAR.



The result of a war almost always hinges on a nation's bank balance, and it is the nation which has the last shilling which wins. This rouble note, on which the land of the Tsar relies, is valued at 2s. 1d. at the present moment.

the prisoner's cell was turned off at half-past eight.

Wardress Bradley, who was on duty between five and six o'clock on Sunday, said that she tried the cell doors in accordance with the usual custom. Some of the prisoners spoke to her and some did not.

Questioned by the jury, she stated that unless there was any noise in the cells no inspection was made through the glass in the cell door. With regard to Miers, she had no occasion to look at her during the whole time she was on duty, which was until ten o'clock in the evening.

A Juror: If you do not look into the cells in this way, how do you know that the prisoners are all right?

Witness: We patrol the cells, and unless we hear anything extraordinary we do not look into the cells.

Chief Wardress Jordan read from a code of rules laid down for the guidance of the prison officials, which were to the effect that the wardresses must make it their first duty to examine the external doors, and at the same time look through the inspection holes, before turning out the gas in the cells occupied by prisoners. Even in the case of a prisoner answering "All right," as Miers had done, it was necessary to lift the inspection hole.

Prison Commissioners warned.

Dr. Griffiths said he had drawn the attention of the Commissioners of the prison some few months ago to the danger arising from naked gas lights inside the cells, and at the present time a change being made, the lights being placed behind a sheet of plate-glass. Probably the gas-burner had been left off for some time prior to eight o'clock. Miers might have lived for one hour and half after she said "All right" to the wardress. The jury returned a verdict of Suicide, and adjested the coroner to write on their behalf to Prison Commissioners, asking that the alterations to the lighting arrangements of the cells should proceed with as soon as possible.

We hope you will word the letter," the foreman said, "as strongly as possible. It is a most distressful state of things, and we are surprised that things should exist in a prison as they do at present."

The coroner said they did not desire to censure wardresses, although they considered it rather oversight for them not to look through the inspection holes.

## VIOLENCE INQUISITIVENESS.

Before the Westminster magistrate, John Rab of Palace Gate, Kensington, was summoned permitting an unmuzzled dog to be at large. A young lady named Decaux said that while carrying a small dog was attacked by the dog's bulldog and bitten in three places on the neck. Her clothing was also badly torn.

In the defence, a witness said that the dog was inquisitive. If the lady had not stooped to pick up the dog, nothing would have happened.

Rose: But ladies cannot put their dogs before others are inquisitive.

Defendant was ordered to pay a fine of £1 and costs, and £7 2s. as compensation, the magistrate remarking that many people would not be bitten by a dog for hundreds of pounds.

A pensioner was undressing for his bath when a casual ward a sovereign rolled from his hand. Given into custody for obtaining under false pretences, he said the coin must have slipped into the lining of his trousers. He was charged with a caution.



This Japanese bank-note for one yen is the standard currency in Japan. As it is the last coin which tells in war, the subjects of the Mikado are keeping an anxious eye upon these sinews of war. At the present moment one-yen notes are valued at 2s. 1d. in this country.

Sunday at their home in Small Heath by his little daughter Florence, who called up the stairs, "Dad, come quick."

He found his wife on the sofa with the children gathered round her. She was bleeding from a wound in the breast, and said, "He has hit me with something. I think I am hurt."

Her husband tore open her clothing and saw a wound in her left breast. The boy Ernest, who was standing beside her pleading for forgiveness, said, "Mother, I did not intend to do

what he said. The boy's explanation to the police was: "I and mother were having a row, and she hit me on the head with a boot. I lost my temper, and struck her. She then got the poker, and I think I stabbed her. I was opening a tin of condensed milk at the time, but it was an accident."

The medical evidence showed that there was a wound six inches deep in the woman's body, and that a great amount of force must have been used.

The jury returned a verdict of Manslaughter against the boy, and he was committed for trial on the Coroner's warrant.

## ADVICE TO AN OCTOGENARIAN HUSBAND.

Seeking a remedy at Marylebone Police Court yesterday from his matrimonial troubles, an old man told the magistrate that his age was eighty and his wife's fifty.

"I married her for rest and comfort," he said, "but she has violated everything, and now all my trust and hopes are gone."

Mr. Plowden: I suppose she is nice sometimes?

"Yes, when she is sober."

Mr. Plowden: Then there are intervals of peace. Cannot you keep drink from her?

The Applicant: Lor! no! she does as she likes, and is master of everything. I lead a perfect dog's life.

Mr. Plowden (gently): You must not be rash. If you get a reputation, you might be more unhappy than you are now. I will send a constable to caution her.

This did not content him, however, and the magistrate then granted a summons.

## INHARMONIOUS BANJO.

For committing an assault with a banjo, a Nottingham printer named Macdermott was, at the South-Western Court, fined 40s.

The charge arose out of a Bank Holiday expedition, and the magistrate said the case showed how much better it would be for some people if there were none. Early in the evening there were five whole heads and a perfect banjo, all of which were, in the end, more or less damaged.

## TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

## QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carmelite Street, London.



## PARK LAKE MYSTERY.

## Accused Describes His Wife's Last Walk.

Alfred Thomas Lee, the young reservist, who at the close of the preliminary inquest proceedings, as to the cause of the death of his six weeks old bride at Birkenhead, was arrested on a charge of murder on Tuesday afternoon, stood to attention in true military style to answer the charge at the Birkenhead Police Court yesterday.

He maintained this soldierly attitude whilst Inspector Proctor made a statement, after which,



ALFRED T. LEE informed the police that his young wife had disappeared. Her body was afterwards found in a lake, and at the conclusion of the inquest Lee was arrested on a charge of murder.

[Sketches from life by a "Mirror" artist.

as if braced for an ordeal, he faced about; and with quick step marched below.

The inspector stated that Mr. Barker, the father of the deceased, called at the police station at 1.15 a.m. on Sunday, and informed them of his daughter's strange disappearance. The witness telephoned to the Liverpool police to get the prisoner at his lodgings in Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, from where he was brought at three o'clock in the morning to Birkenhead Park.

Together they searched the park for Mrs. Lee, but in vain, and then, at daylight, the prisoner was taken to the police station, where he made a statement.

## Her Last Day.

From this it appeared that he met the deceased, who was bringing his pension papers, on her way to business at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and afterwards had luncheon and tea with her, the latter at his lodgings.

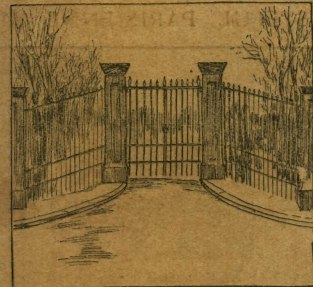
Then, at nine o'clock in the evening, they went for a walk in Birkenhead. "During this walk," proceeded Lee in his statement, "we had a slight quarrel, and when we arrived at the first park gate, from Park-road West, I went across the road for a minute. Whilst doing so I noticed her climbing over the gate, and before I could get to her she got over and ran down one of the pathways.

"Eventually I got over the gate and shouted her name, 'Dolly, Dolly,' but got no answer. I rushed about the park for about an hour, but failed to find her and then went to her father's house, 57, Park-road East, and told him what had happened.

## The Futile Search.

"I asked him to come with me and look for her, which he did, but left me almost as soon as I got into the park. I looked around the pathways for some time and then went back to the house. This time I saw Mrs. Barker, my wife's mother, and asked her if Dolly had returned.

"She replied: 'No,' and told me to go out of the house. Thinking she might have gone to my lodgings, I went over to Liverpool, but found she had



Alfred Lee, who has been arrested for the murder of his wife, says that she climbed over this gate, which is seven feet high, and that when he followed to look for her she had disappeared.

[Sketches on the spot by a "Mirror" "Eye-Witness."

not been there. I went to my bedroom, and lay down on the bed until Detective Whiteside came for me."

The Chief Constable: Did you measure these gates over which the woman is supposed to have climbed?

Inspector Stockton: Yes; they are 6ft. 6in. high, and there are spikes on the top. He added that when Mrs. Lee's dead body was found in the lake the prisoner refused to stay to see it in the mortuary, but said he would go to the police court and sit down.

Answering the Chief Constable, he said the first and only complaint he got about the deceased was from her father.

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Sir Thomas Gibbons Frost, who was three Mayor of Chester, died in that city yesterday.

Of a total of 245 coins taken in the offertory at Wyndham Church last Sunday, 230 were pence and halfpence.

After many experiments a parasite has been found which is expected to prove of great value in destroying the fly-pest in Australia.

"England v. Scotland" is announced to be the Rev. W. W. Carlie's topic next Sunday evening at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument.

"A museum of disease," was the doctor's epigrammatic description of the condition of Thomas Lewis, who was found dead at Dudley.

The total cost of the Metropolitan Police Force for one year is £2,008,824, of which £1,514,085 goes in salaries and pay. The City of London Police cost for the same period £173,539.

From Rome it is stated that a Jesuit, a well-known author, who has effected numerous conversions in Great Britain, will shortly leave the Society of Jesus.

Gateshead enjoys the distinction of having the lowest indebtedness in proportion to population of any town in the kingdom. The municipal debt is

The Kaiser will arrive at Malta on Saturday, and leave on Tuesday. He reaches Corfu on April 17.

Lord Kelvin yesterday afternoon was elected unopposed as Lord Chancellor of the Glasgow University.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia arrive in London on Saturday from Germany. Their visit is to be strictly incognito.

Mr. A. N. Hornby, the cricketer, has declined an invitation to become Conservative candidate for Blackburn.

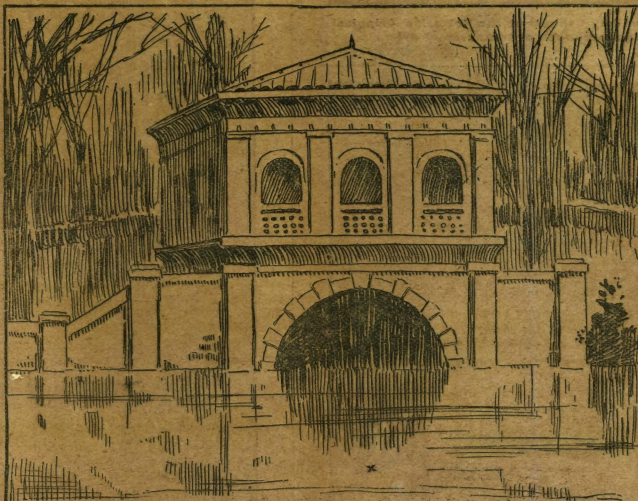
During a gale in Staffordshire, Ernest Newnam, a weekly young man, was blown into the Birmingham Canal at Brochmoor and drowned.

An attempt is being made, says Reuter, to utilise the Eiffel Tower in Paris for communicating by wireless telegraphy with the French Channel Squadron.

During the past year the National Gallery was visited by 457,251 persons on free days. The 46,178 persons who attended on students' days paid £1,154.

A sentence of six months' imprisonment, with a fine of £500, was passed yesterday upon Mr. Joseph Ralph Burton, Republican Senator for Kansas,

## BIRKENHEAD PARK TRAGEDY.



The X marks the spot where the body of Mrs. Lee was found in the deepest part of the lake. The boat house was the resting-place of the young girl-bride and her husband.

only £11 15s. 4d. per head, as compared with an average of over £15 in other towns.

Mr. Thomas McGovern, M.P. for one of the divisions of Cavan, died in Ireland yesterday.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is suffering from influenza, and some anxiety is entertained owing to the patient's advanced age.

Shots were exchanged in the course of a recent discussion on Church affairs between Greeks and Bulgarians at Strumitza, the Bulgarian Archbishop having a narrow escape.

Alluding to the recent Baltimore fire the chairman of the Phoenix Assurance Company yesterday told shareholders it meant to them a loss of about £110,000—a "bitter dose."

Mr. C. B. Fry, at Brighton yesterday was presented by cricketing admirers with a motorcar in recognition of the brilliant services he has rendered to Sussex.

## BUTTERFLY WEATHER.

London Basks in Delightful Spring Sunshine.

Everywhere in London yesterday a touch of gaiety and lightness entered into life, for the influence of the glorious sunshine, which lasted throughout the day, was irresistible.

Rain in the early hours of the morning had caused most people to leave for business laden with overcoats and umbrellas, but the former were soon discarded in the genial warmth and mild air of a real spring day. Ladies were induced to appear in their new spring costumes, and the throng in Hyde Park provided a kaleidoscope of colour.

London was more fortunate than some parts of the country, for the burst of spring sunshine was not universal. The weather prophets, however, are inclined to check any anticipation of a prolonged spell under these conditions by forecasting less settled weather for to-day.

## SUNSHINE BOOMS CYCLES.

The fineness of the past few days has given a great fillip to the cycle trade. During the last week more business has been done in Coventry than for the preceding six months.

"We are very busy indeed just now," said the London manager of one of the great cycle houses to a "Mirror" representative. "We have had to wire to Coventry for machines to be sent off at once, as we cannot meet the demand from stock. I only hope the fine weather may last, for we must certainly attribute our rush to it."

Ladies' machines seemed to be greatly in demand yesterday, for all along Holborn viaduct members of the fair sex were to be seen gazing at the attractive machines in the shop windows.

## AMEER AND HIS WIVES.

He Decides That Four Are Quite Enough.

In an interesting dispatch from Cabul Reuter says one of the wives of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who is the daughter of Sardar Mohammed Ibrahim Khan, recently found an effigy of the Ameer made of dough in various colours with several charms written on it under his couch, and brought the matter to the notice of his Highness, who has commenced to make inquiries into the matter among the female dependents of his household.

Last year the Ameer gave orders that no one should have more than four wives. He has again issued a proclamation to the effect that all the wives, in addition to the four, shall be divorced and given in marriage to other persons.

The Ameer himself has taken the lead in the matter, and has divorced his additional wives, compelling them to marry other people. Under the order Sardar Abdul Kudus Khan had to divorce eight wives, and Mir Ala Ullah Khan thirty. The divorced wives of all the Sardars, whose number exceeds many hundreds, have been compelled to marry men of ordinary position.

## MOTOR CLUB FOR LADIES.

The Ladies' Automobile Club have got into their new premises at Claridge's Hotel.

Affiliated to the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, the Ladies' Club is not merely a social organisation; it enjoys all the privileges of the parent body, and the secretary is full of useful information about touring. The club is progressive, and is organising a caravan for the Gordon-Bennett race at Homburg, and making special arrangements for those members who wish to go there.

## MANLY LITTLE PRINCES.

## Spartan Upbringing of Prince Eddie and His Brother.

During the past few days Prince "Eddie" and his brothers and sister, who are staying at Frogmore for some weeks, and were out riding in Windsor Park again yesterday, have been allowed a little more playtime in consequence of the holidays. As a rule the régime in the royal nursery and schoolroom is a very strict one, far stricter indeed than that of an ordinary home. The Princess of Wales has insisted since Prince Edward was born that the daily life of the children shall be as simple and unpretentious as possible, and any relaxation of the rigorous domestic rules is only permitted on very special occasions.

These royal children are living more plainly, and being punished more severely, than the little ones of many a cottager. They have been brought to Frogmore for the summer months for the young Princes to add rowing and fishing to their sportsmanlike accomplishments.

They are eagerly looking forward for warmer weather to begin these new lessons. Prince "Eddie" has already paid a visit to the boathouse to see that his boat, which the King gave him last year, is quite ready.

This little grandson of his Majesty, although he will be only able to count ten years of life on the 23rd of June, knows no fear. To sleep in the dark, to sit calmly with hands well down on a particularly frolicsome pony, to protect his smaller sister from the demonstrative affections of a big dog, these things are natural to this little royal boy of nine.

## No More Tears.

"It is cowardly to cry," his mother told him one day. Since then it takes a great deal to move Prince "Eddie" to tears. He likes his own way, but he only has it in any childish quarrels with Prince Albert when he is quite clearly in the right, and he has been taught that he must always give way to his sister.

The children have many toys, but they are only allowed to play with them at stated times. During lessons anything in the nature of a plaything must be quite forgotten.

Some time ago Lord Farquhar gave the children a miniature set of gardening tools, and from Prince Henry, who, in the picture, is yielding a broom bigger than himself, to Prince Edward, the children are accustomed to use them quite seriously and properly.

Finally, we may tell a little story which is related of the three boys. They have always been taught to salute in the correct manner. A distinguished foreigner was talking to the Princess of Wales one day when the children passed by. They stopped and gravely saluted.

As they trotted away he turned smilingly to the Princess.

"Your sons are great little gentlemen, Madam," he said.

Pictures of the Princes appear on page 1.

## THE "FLYING VINCENT."

## Satirically Named S.E. Engine and Its Daily Struggle.

The unkind suggestion of the London County Council that George Stephenson's engine, the "Invicta," should be presented to the South-Eastern Railway, has caused astonishment and pain at London Bridge.

It is thought that the "Invicta" could replace the "Flying Vincent" on the Gravesend line, which makes the daily trip to Charing Cross in one hour and thirty minutes. The distance is twenty-four miles, which gives a speed of sixteen miles per hour including stops.

Regular passengers by the "Flying Vincent" express carry a camp outfit, including a cooking-stove, and emergency rations in case they are "matroned" on Charing Cross Bridge.

Veteran pilots embark on the journey with fear and trembling, and declare they would sooner face the fiercest hurricane in Channel than brave a journey to Gravesend by the "Flying Vincent" on a foggy night.

Daring skippers of sailing barges on the Thames frequently bring their craft in close to the bank and hold friendly discourses with the engine-driver as they journey on by side.

## The Fiendish Train Wrecker.

Yesterday evening there was some difficulty about starting from Gravesend. The signal was given by the stationmaster, the guard blew his whistle and ordered a boy to stand back who was leaning against the famous locomotive.

The "Flying Vincent" gave forth beautiful groans and went through a series of convulsions, which shook the entire train. She did not start.

Porters pushed barrel staves through the spokes of her wheels and heaved with a will, but the massive iron monster remained stationary.

Finally the worried driver climbed down on to the track with a lantern, and to his horror discovered that some miscreant had placed a penny ink bottle under the near-side driving wheel.

Pushing the obstruction easily away the weary driver clambered back on to the trembling foot-plate, the scene of so many daring exploits. Then amid a roaring cheer the engine gently pulled its living freight out of the station into the darkness beyond.

The "Flying Vincent" has done a great deal to revive old industries which were almost forgotten.

The Margate sailing hays have once more come upon the scene trading to London, and an enterprising Runsgate man intends to put coaches on the road. He offers to carry passengers free if he fails to beat the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways.

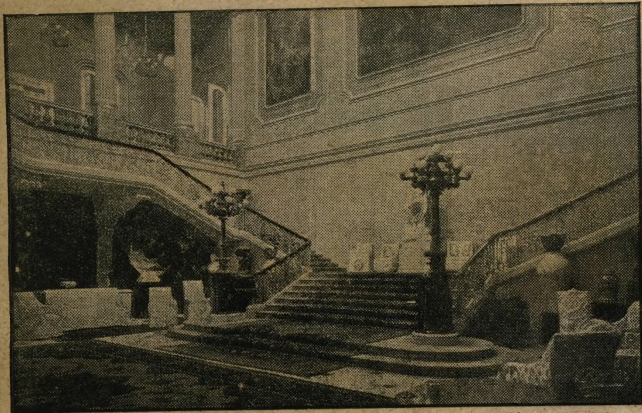
## TRAMLESS BRIXTON.

Great public inconvenience is being caused by the suspension of the tramway service between Kenington Park and Streatham, necessary in order that the system may be electrified. The work will occupy two months.



# THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILL

SCENE OF GREAT CHARITY FETES.



A big fete is to be held at Stafford House on July 1 in aid of the Potteries Cripples' Guild. Stafford House is a veritable storehouse of treasures of art. [Photo by Langhler.]



The Duchess of Sutherland, chatelaine of Stafford House, is especially interested in the Potteries Cripples' Guild, and will probably preside in person over the fete. [Ellis and Watery. Photo by]

A QUEEN OF CHARITY.



The great fete at Stafford House, which was held some time ago, in aid of the Lifeboat Fund, was organised by Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. It was an enormous success, and benefited greatly the chosen charity. [Langhler. Photo by]

Photos, Reutlinger, Paris.]

## HATS IN WHICH THE EVER-TASTEFUL PARISIENNE APPE



Berries are being used, though they are out of season, on many of this spring's smartest toques.



Above is shown a fold-over turban made of Scottish tartan straw, bronze-green and thistle-purple.



Frills of white chiffon and pink taffetas, raised upon a wreath of roses compose the toque illustrated.



# ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

MONEYED NEWSBOY.



"Spiv" Bagster, the lucky newsboy, who finds that he is heir to a large sum of money, called at the "Mirror" office to display his new clothes and discuss his position as a moneyed man. Posing in a characteristic attitude, with a "Woodbine" in his mouth, he submitted himself and his newly-acquired finery to a "Mirror" camera. [the "Mirror."]

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.



Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who has just died at the age of eighty-one, spent her life in lightening the lot of women in every branch of life. Woman's suffrage was the goal to which she pressed with pen and voice. Miss Cobbe wrote in a sprightly, racy, vigorous style, and for many years did a good deal of work as a journalist. [Photo by Elliott and Fry.]



The high winds which prevailed during the Easter holidays raised rough seas at the seaside holiday resorts. At Blackpool holiday folk were treated to a magnificent display of spray on the parade. [the "Mirror."]



Easter is a great holiday time for our bluejackets, but much as Jack enjoys himself on shore, he is always ready to go back to the duty he loves so well. There was [Photo] quite a muster at all the ports yesterday when Jack returned to work. [Cribb]

## D AT EASTER TO CELEBRATE THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

[Photos, Reutlinger, Paris.]



The flat pancake hat in its newest form is very much lifted on the left side to show flowers and foliage.



Masses of snow-white plumage look most attractive upon a jet turban poised high on a pretty head.



Loops and bands of straw form a novel adjunct of this spring toque in white and silver straw.



# THE MOST ATTRACTIVE THING IN WOMAN.

## GNET OF PERSONALITY

BACHELOR FINDS WOMEN TOO CHARMING TO MARRY.

### WHAT IS WOMAN'S MISSION?

is question seems likely to lead to a lively controversy. The serious person is thinking, and the too, are getting to work.

Man's View, as set forth in yesterday's *er*, has brought down upon his anonymous the wrath of a spinster who would appear to be possessed of a fine truculent spirit.

ps this lady (who writes from Baker-street): "e man who thinks that the only charm about a an is her yielding femininity is nothing more es than a fool. Woman's mission is higher hat of a mere chattel. Woman's brain is as ble of serious thought quite equally with that man."

on will see members of Parliament of the le sex before the century is much older. You ee lady barristers practising in the English ourts. There is going to be an upheaval, soci- of the relations between the sexes. The in- ury of woman is man's oldest tradition.

How about Cleopatra, Beadices, Joan of Arc, en Elizabeth? In science, how about Madame e, who discovered radium? It is the old story. abrogates all the virtues and power in life to self. But woman is not going to stand this longer. Men seem to forget that if there were omen there would be no men.

g. Nathan Walton, who lives at Whips Cross, s, writes, on the same subject:—

In debating on that most intricate subject, at is the most attractive thing in woman, I ld like to say that one most important point article was omitted, and that is woman's per- ility. This, I think, stands first, both in man woman, and is the magnet of either sex. The thing which we cannot understand which one our likes and dislikes often, I am afraid, as would-be character readers in their true gment of a person's qualities.

If only attention was given to our psychic ers people would be enlightened and able to ge a character in a totally clear and unbiased iner. Personality would not exercise the power es at this present day, leading so many people s.

I cannot say I agree with the few rules set for- d in the selection of character. I must point how often it is one sees the leading qualities weighing each other. A character is of such an teate individual nature that it is by no means o give a guide of any kind in the way of ount appearance. Brain power or temperament e govern character; and I think the safest de to give is to select a woman of good, plain mon-sense, a strong will, and tender, loving npathy."

A Bachelor writes:—"I have always found rying about a woman so charming that I e never yet been able to single out any par- lar woman to be my wife. This is the only sible excuse I can find for polygamy—a horrible ng in itself."

## SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

f brides on whom the sun shines are happy, as e-old saying runs, there must have been a great d of happiness about yesterday, for no less than reen society weddings took place, on an ideal ay made warm by continuous sunshine. Nearly all yesterday's weddings were in the ntry; and it was a noticeable fact that spring were were on evidence at most of them, shenves ybellow daffodils and fragrant narcissi being ar- d by the bridesmaids, while at one wedding rday huge bouquets of yellow primroses were ried and knots of the same flower distributed to the guests.

### Latest Engagement.

The beginning of the season always brings with a fresh crop of engagements. The first to be ounced is that of Lady Norah Browne to Mr. ryan Moore. Lady Norah is a daughter of rd and Lady Sligo, and the twin sister of ord Terence Browne, who is a young man ex- emely fond of dancing, and consequently much ght after in society.

### valids.

Mr. Sidney Greville has now nearly recovered n his sharp attack of influenza, and is able to e out for a short time every day.

Lady Isabel Lamarch is also much better, and actually getting over her operation, which took e early last week.

### ore and There.

Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill, who is a great llector of curios and objets d'art, has been left a cantiful old snuff-box, to which is attached an teresting history, by the late Lord Alber.

Sir Richard Wallis Griffith, of racing fame, has st bought Lord Dudley's Ednam estate, in Rox- oughshire, which he has rented for some years t.

Lady Muriel Gordon-Lennox's wedding is not e postponed on account of the death of her e-antant, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, but will e a rather quieter function than was at t intended.

Lady Sarah Spencer celebrates her birthday to- y. Lady Sarah, who is a sister of Lord Spen- er, the "Red Earl," has been her brother's ntant companion since the death of his wife last t.



The sleeveless vest is undoubtedly a most important adjunct of the spring toilette, and is worn with the bolero, the Eton coat, and every variety of corsage. It may be made of almost any fabric, but panne, taffetas, plain and figured muslins, crepe de Chine, chiffon, and lace are the best fabrics to choose for the purpose, and several designs that explain themselves are shown above.

(Drawn by Miss W. Brooke-Alder.)

November. She is not a well-known figure in society, as, like her sister-in-law, she is very exclusive, and only goes to very few parties. Mr. "Bobby" Spencer, Lord Spencer's heir, is of course, her half-brother. He is one of the best-dressed men about town, and always beautifully groomed. On one memorable occasion he electrified the House of Commons by rising and beginning a speech by saying, "I am not an agricultural labourer."

### Holst With His Own Potard.

No one has been more amused than Sir William Huxford at the remarks which have been made about his succession to the late Mr. Aubrey Huxford's property and money, which involves upon him the payment of a very large sum as death duties. Sir William was responsible for the Bill which made succession duties payable, in trying

to avoid which several people have been caught twice over.

A case in point was that of the late Lord Leon- field, an immensely rich man, who some time before his death made over the greater part of his property to his eldest son, who, however, predeceased him. Consequently, death duties had to be paid, and again on the death of Lord Leon field in 1901.

The present holder of the title is an extremely eligible young man, who served in the South African war. He has entertained a good deal in London, at his beautiful house in Chesham Gardens, and his invitations are always very carefully sorted. I remember about two years ago some indignation was aroused that several young ladies in society, known as the "Hooligan girls," were not invited to a big ball he gave, as he strongly disapproved of their behaviour.

## GOOD FORM.

### DIFFICULTIES IN ETIQUETTE DEALT WITH HERE.

[Replies to queries sent to this department cannot be sent, under any circumstances, by post, nor is any answer guaranteed; but when possible the query and its answer will be printed on this page. Letters should be addressed Reddress, 3, Carncliffe-street, E.C.]

#### Circumstances Alter Cases.

"I am troubled as to whether I ought to go to the theatre alone with my fiancé," writes Muriel (Liverpool). "My aunt, who has brought me up, says 'certainly not,' but girl friends of mine who are also engaged laugh at me and tell me foolish and a prude to yield to her wishes."

The matter lies in a nut-shell, and resolves itself into this. Your aunt is your guardian, and she disapproves of your going out to the theatre alone with your fiancé, so you must not go. I am sure you would not enjoy yourself, knowing you were causing her pain. Otherwise it is quite correct for an engaged couple to attend so public an entertainment together.

#### The Most Important Guest.

"When I take a party of guests to a box at the theatre ought I, as hostess, to sit well back or in front of the box?" asks Mrs. S. (South Kensington).

The rule is that all the ladies of the party sit as far forward as they can and the men are put behind. You, as hostess, will naturally not be able to sit in the best place, where your most important lady guest will be placed, but your position must be better than that of any of the men.

#### Speeches Buried in Oblivion.

"Is it true," asks Viola (Leamington), "that wedding-breakfasts are coming into fashion again, and, if so, will speeches return to vogue?"

The wedding breakfast is already an accomplished fact, for it was resuscitated at Lady Marjorie Greville's wedding at Warwick Castle. Speeches are not to be revived, but the bride and bridegroom's health is drunk, and a few words of congratulation are addressed to them by the bride's father, for which the bridegroom briefly returns thanks.

#### It is Wise to be Neighbourly.

"Some people have taken the house next door to us, and my husband says I ought to call. We live in a suburb of Manchester, but I am a stranger to England," writes Elsie. "Is it obligatory upon me to call?"

By no means; but it is a neighbourly act, and one that is usually observed in English suburbs. You need not become intimate with the family, unless you find you like them, but will probably find it useful as well as kind to be on pleasant social terms with them.

## VOICES OF SPRING.

### THE JOY AND BEAUTY OF PRIMROSE TIME.

The primrose—"firstling of the year"—is here, and shines forth in all its old haunts. Yet, does it shine? Its petals have such a creamy opaqueness about them, they seem to reflect no light as do those of many flowers. The little celandine with its bright metallic yellow glows in the hedges; the marsh-marigold shines "like fire in swamps and hollows grey"; even the cowslip has its own radiance, but the primrose is truly "pale."

It is rightly called "firstling" of spring, for, though in favoured places the daffodil welcomes her coming, and in a few districts the snowdrop hears the earliest whisper of her approach, "I come, I come!"—yet these are only here and there, while this little pale flower is found here, there, and everywhere. Every village has its particular wood or bank, or burn-side, where the children go "primrosing" as soon as the first buds appear.

#### Sweet Uses of Nature.

How wonderfully flowers adapt themselves to their circumstances! On the sunny side of the ledge these little blossoms grow in low, rounded lumps—hardly carrying their heads above the level of the grass; while on the other, the shady side, the primrose grows tall and graceful on its long, delicate stem, pushing up its face to catch every possible gleam of sunlight that may filter through the shade. These flowers are beautiful when gathered, but the low-growing clumps need their fringe of leaves and their green background to throw up the flowers, so close together still, but yet with plenty of breathing space.

And so the season wears on, and soon the primrose must give place to spring's next visitors—each with its own beauty.

Infinite nuances, delicacies, smells, With hues on hues expression cannot paint, The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.

## "Antexema" Skin Cure

Do send to the Antexema Company, London, N.W., a stamped envelope naming "Daily Illustrated Mirror" for a Free Trial Sample of the "Antexema" Skin Cure. This remedy also a copyright creation of "Skin Troubles" and 200 testimonials, which in plain language, "Antexema" is the most wonderful skin cure ever discovered. This cooling, remedy cures every form of Eczema, stops the itch, dandruff, freckles, brings the skin to a healthy state, and cures the trouble. 1/4d bottles of Antexema, or post free 1/6. Registered Agents.



## THE GENTLE ART OF BRIGANDAGE.

In Spain the Freebooter is Often  
a Chivalrous and Polite  
Gentleman Esteemed by  
All Who Know  
Him.

The kingdom of Spain, notwithstanding its great traditions and majestic history, contrives from time to time to add to the comedy of European life. The Spanish train service is, to quote Mr. W. S. Gilbert, "teeming with quiet fun." In many parts of Spain the railway travellers object to a train going too fast; they feel that they are not getting

lives upon about a shilling a week, is nevertheless distinctly a gentleman. The brigand, too, frequently considers himself a gentleman. In Spain the brigand inspires a romantic attention and affection in the hearts of many of his most ardent fellow countrymen. It is not infrequently happens that Englishmen go down to the Spanish Peninsula and fall among thieves. Englishmen are proverbial for their wealth. An English justice of the peace recently left his Spanish residence armed with cash wherewith to pay various outstanding accounts. In due course, and with proper ceremony, he was relieved of the money he had with him. But, to the eternal disgrace of the particular brigands in question, he was also deprived of his watch and chain. This was really disgraceful. It is against all the canons of the gentle art of brigandage as practised in Spain

BRIGANDS "HOLD UP" A J.P.



It is not often that an English J.P. is "hold up" by brigands, but it happened to Mr. Edmund Bearwille Ward, of the Isle of Wight, during a recent visit to Spain. While driving near Valladolid on a dark night his carriage was stopped, and he was relieved of money and jewellery to the value of over £350.

(Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.)

their money's worth if they are carried too swiftly to their destinations. If the engine-driver wishes to have a chat with the guard he slows up and stops, and they both roll cigarettes together—engaged in friendly converse the while.

This is the note of a large part of the national population. The indolent Castilian grandee, who

to put a captive to impolite inconvenience. The victim was not even able to make a note of the exact time at which he had been so chivalrously robbed. Still, let us hope the Spanish authorities will at least after many days, of course, on the approved "Hasta Manana" principle—restore to the English magistrate his watch and chain.

### "DOLLARS AND DEMOCRACY."

Mr. Sidney Appleton, the publisher, writes:—I fear that your extracts from Sir Philip Burne-Jones's book, "Dollars and Democracy," are somewhat misleading your correspondents. So far from being a wholesale condemnation of American society, the book, taken as a whole, is really most laudatory, and could certainly give no offence even to the most sensitive American. In his preface Sir Philip Burne-Jones says that he has written "without fear or favour, knowing well that the imperfections of our American cousins will easily find their counterpart with us, while their manifold excellences can hardly be outdone, even among kinsmen upon whose dominions the sun never sets."

### MOTOR ACT'S ANOMALIES.

For failing to have his identification plate properly illuminated a motor-car owner was fined 10s. at the South-Western Police Court. His plea that his licence might not be endorsed was unsuccessful. The magistrate remarked that as he read the Act a man who drove his motor-car 100 miles an hour and ran over fifty people need not have his licence endorsed, but the driver whose lamp went out for a short time could not escape. Such was the wisdom of Parliament!

For the first time the case of a lady "passive resister" will come before the Leeds magistrates this week.

### FOXES WITH A FEEDING BOTTLE.



Three small fox cubs which have been caught near Buckingham bid fair to grow up into domestic pets. As they had lost their mother, their owners placed them with a cat whose kittens had been drowned. Ho adds to this natural nutriment with a child's feeding-bottle, and the three young foxes are doing well.

(Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.)

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Re British Carpet Weaving Co.,  
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F. HODGSON & SONS, of LEEDS, have purchased for Cash the whole of the Business, Goodwill, and Effects from the Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Reduced Sale Prices of Brussels, Axminster, Tapestry, and Foreign Carpets and Hearth-rugs can be had post free, if when writing you mention the "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 7/4/1004.

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## BEAUTIFUL AXMINSTER WOOL CARPETS BORDERED.

The Choicest Colouring and Latest Designs

Average Sizes.	Reduced Sale Price.	Former Price.
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FREE PRESENTATION.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.



HEART PENDANT, PEARLS AND RUBY CASED, WITH MOUNTED WITH TURQUOISE, FORGET-ME-NOTS, PURE GOLD.

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suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered and woven in 30 different patterns, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets will be sold as an advertisement for our goods below the ACTUAL COST OF PRODUCTION. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchasers all middle profits.

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### TESTIMONIALS.

The Hon. Charles Kings, Cheltenham, March 24, 1904.  
Lady NORTH writes: "I am well pleased with the 3/6 skirt sent, and enclose postal order for the 'Brighton' skirt at 5/11. Postal order enclosed."  
Cheques and P.O.s payable to  
F. HODGSON & SONS, (Dept. D.L.R.), Manufacturers, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS. Importers, and Merchants.

50, Berkeley Square.  
"The Countess of SELKIRK would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet, similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."



# AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.  
Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.  
"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned  
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

## CHAPTER XLV. A Forlorn Hope.

Pauline held her breath, as though the very fact of her breathing might make the man aware of her nervousness; her action was vain, for of all the wild, at that moment, she was the farthest thing from Bernard Westall's thoughts.

She watched him furtively as he stood with his companion for a few seconds near her, and, as she watched, the faint elusive hope, for which she had resigned herself almost as soon as it was born, died. There was no doubt whatever that the man was Westall's wife, or that he was deeply in love with her. There were all the little signs which a woman reads such a relationship—not a trace of them was wanting—the intangible air of proprietorship, the tone of the man's voice, his movements, all bespoke the adoring lover, but beyond that the husband, joyful in possession.

In spite of herself Pauline sighed. Not that she sighed, but because of her desolation. Still, there was something warming in the reflection that she could hardly have planned such a meeting without some obvious and immediate reason. Her nerves were in such condition they refused the extension of coincidence, and shield like a frightened hare at the suggestion of caprice on the part of fate.

Presently the Westalls went below. Pauline told herself that he was urging her to remain upstairs, and smiled bitterly at the selfishness of men at their best. Yet she was half-amused, half-pleased to note that for a long time Westall remained with her.

But the incident had destroyed her composure. She could not remain in the comfortable and sheltered corner which had been discovered for her; she got up and leaned over the rails, staring into the harbour. In a while the blankness of mind, which accompanies the misery which is almost despair, seized her. She looked down at the black and oily water with eyes which saw nothing, nor did the bustle of departure convey anything to her dulled ears.

At last the boat moved slowly out from the pier to the rough water beyond.

Soon she was forced to seek the shelter of her hat again, for the boat was pitching heavily, yet the roar of the waves and the washing of the spray exhilarated her strangely. She would have been glad to pace the deck in the teeth of the wind, glad of something with which to do battle, had not a fear of attracting attention to herself kept her back.

So she sat, till the boat below and the general sufferableness of the place drove Bernard Westall again. She watched him for a few minutes, watching the rain and wave washed deck, with a keen impulse, she rose and forced her way in the eye of the wind to his side.

"Dr. Westall," he cried hoarsely, a cry which was indeed one sister to a shout, so fiercely did the wind whistle round their ears.

"He man looked down at her with a start almost of vision.

"You have followed me," he cried sharply.

He shook her head.

"No; I am going over to England on—on—on—on. How strange it is that you should be following too!"

"Unpleasantly strange," he retorted, and by the tone of his voice strained though it was, she knew that his journey was flight.

"Have you thought over our little talk the other day?" she shrieked above the wind, in her desperate oblivious of the very obvious humour of the situation, the force of endeavouring to bring a man to a sense of his misdeeds in the teeth of a fierce and a noise which entailed throat-racking.

"I have endeavoured to forget it, madam," he said.

"In my profession one learns very rapidly not the unpleasant, the unendurable, the unchangeable, away from one."

He tried to assume assurance which she was far from feeling. "I am glad you are returning to me," she said. "In London it will be much easier for my husband to meet you, but it's rather dull to talk here." She staggered, almost lost balance, as she spoke, and might have fallen for his restraining arm. "Won't you come speak to me over here, under the shelter? I'll be the most deliciously comfortable seat."

"Ah, no, thank you. My wife is an excellent listener; I must really go and see her now," a brusqueness which she instinctively knew could have displayed to no other woman at a time he raised his cap, and left her clutching a seat for support, alone on the rain-swept deck.

Pauline saw her last hope departing from her with his retreating form, and, raising her voice in a piercing cry, called his name, struggling him. The scene would have been outrageous to daylight. Westall, remembering his father-in-law, remembering his wife and her face, in a flash from that excellent man, thanked his stars for the covering darkness as he moved to his Pauline.

"What do you want?" he asked her in no very pleasant tone, as he assisted her, with all seeming grace, to her seat in the shelter.

"I want to finish our talk, the talk which you interrupted the other day. Sit down, for I shall speak, and listen if you have any pity. My husband has left me."

"If you—for—?" he caught his next word in his teeth and substituted "why?"

"I laid her hand on his arm."

"Cause," she replied with a significant pause, "that I told you the other day in Paris. Remember, it isn't too late even now."

She moved away from the direct onslaught of the wind which howled about the house hurriedly and the strain which had characterised their words of conversation on the open upper deck.

She threw aside the brusqueness which his ill-timed irritation at finding Pauline beside him had led up, and, with a certain hopefulness, leaning back in the cab, which bore her swiftly through the London streets, she consoled herself half-

to be perhaps the foremost medical man in London for the diseases of women and children.

"My dear lady," he said, gently, removing his arm with an imperceptible motion from beneath Pauline's clinging touch, "it is a terrible truism, I am aware, yet still one which enables the world to move nothing else will—I mean the truism 'While there's life there's hope.' Knowing as little as I do of the circumstances of your sad misunderstanding with your husband, I am still convinced that it is simply nothing more nor less than a misunderstanding, and that a little tact, a little forbearance, the exercise of some of the arts in which your sex excels—is all that is required—"

Pauline interrupted him with an exclamation of bitter impatience. "I am a desperate woman," she said, in a strained voice, "and in no mood to listen to trifling. I said this to you before, in the hotel. I meant it then from my heart, yet I little thought how much worse my situation was till I returned home and found that my husband had forsaken me, cast me off, and taken my child with him. Upon you rests my last hope, you are the rock to which I cling, and I ask so little from you, a few words given under the seal of secrecy, that I am sure there is nothing that I can do to soften your heart, no means by which I can buy your pity; if my sufferings do not draw it from you? Your wife—"

Westall got up. She rose, too, and caught at his coat to keep him from leaving her.

"Madam," he said, sternly, "you are rendering yourself almost too conscious. You say you dread a scandal, yet attempt to precipitate one. Once and for all, I tell you quite plainly, without any animosity, I am totally ignorant of the events a recital of which you forced me to listen to the other day in my hotel. Had I had any conception as to the cause of your visit I should have refused to see you, and so saved us both from an exceedingly unpleasant situation."

"You still persist in the force of ignorance—forgetfulness?" she cried.

"I still adhere to my original statement," he returned firmly, "which is an utter disclaimer of ever having seen you before, or of having taken any such infamous part in the drama of your life as you wish to impute to me."

He faced her in the light, which was growing to a cold grey. To the woman's frenzied senses it seemed as though the man's face had taken the hue and hardness of a granite mask. His strange eyes met hers with an insolence which was intolerable in its assurance. It stung her pride like a whip; instinctively her hands clenched themselves in the long hanging sleeves of her travelling coat.

"You refuse to help me?" she cried, still clinging for the very hope which died so hard within her.

"Madam, my help, such as it is, is ever at your disposal to do as I please to do, but I shall not put on your account, to defame my honour in order that yours may be cleared."

"Oh," she said, beneath her teeth, "you have not altered then in all these years, no shame or decency has come to you. You are still, as he was, a man of stone, a man without a heart, who would see a woman sent to perdition without raising a hand to help her. But," her voice rose shrilly, and she caught her breath with anger at her own lack of self-control, and bit her lip, and forced herself to speak in a calmer key, though the words came boiling to her lips from the hatred which seethed in her heart, "that is all over—that is all in the past," she continued. "You will no longer prey on men and women. To you also will come a day of reckoning; I may fall, but you will fall with me. The world shall hear my story and the part you have played in it; they will laugh at me, doubtless, turn the shoulder of scorn on me of a surety, but you—what of you—what of the revered physician and his patients, his adoring lady patients, what of the new wife, what of the fossilised father-in-law? Ah, for the man had wanted visibly beneath her words, "I thought that would touch you on the raw!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You mistake the cause of my pain," Mrs. Woodruffe, he said smoothly. "I am distressed, I am always distressed when a woman forgets her self-restraint and takes to abuse. I may be over-fastidious, but to my mind an abusive woman is but one step removed from a drunken one." She would have interrupted him again, but he continued fluently, magnetising her by the very exercise of his absolute self-control. "By all means, if it will alleviate your distress, persist in making the world acquainted with your hallucinations, but if you will but listen to a suggestion—merely a suggestion, not advice—a point of view, in fact, consider for a moment who would be the loser, who is always the loser in this sad, bad world of ours—the woman?"

He turned away abruptly, and this time Pauline made no effort to detain him. She said not a word, he did not say a word. She sat like a woman turned to stone, pondering the words with which the man had left her. Dover found her no nearer a solution as to her immediate action; blindly she trusted to fate, feeling now that if, indeed, destruction had come upon her there was no resisting the edict of the blind goddess.

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CHAPTER XLVI. The Bread of Affliction.

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At Charing Cross Pauline had hesitated. She felt ill, haggard, dishevelled, and old. Was it wise, she asked herself, in the face of such a feeling, to seek the presence of the husband whom, if you went back at all, must be won back by the mere force of her womanly beauty? But while she hesitated she became conscious of an imperative feeling, such as she had hardly ever before experienced, which urged her towards the house which had been her home.

It was a feeling she could not analyse, yet one which filled her with a certain hopefulness. Leaning back in the cab, which bore her swiftly through the London streets, she consoled herself half-

forgotten, imperfectly comprehended; yet comforting theories, which spoke of telepathy and the call of mind to mind, or heart to heart.

Perhaps John, regretting his hasty step, regretting the insult he had put upon her, was longing for her passionately in his loneliness. She hugged the thought close to her heart, trying to imagine that, though in the weeks which had passed John Woodruffe had made no advance to her, yet her very nearness, in itself a barrier, had yet prevented her from losing her old hold over him.

She ran up the steps of the house in St. James's street with the buoyancy of expectancy. The maid who opened the door looked at her with glad eyes. "You have come in time, ma'am," she said quickly; "we were afraid you would be too late."

Pauline stared at her, transfixed to the spot where she stood, and watched the woman while she closed the front door with an ostentatious carefulness.

"Too late," she said; "what do you mean? Am I expected, then?" She could have bitten her tongue out the moment the words had left it; the look on the servant's face had told her the stupor of the mistake into which she had been betrayed. Despite the anxiety which consumed her, she deemed silence at the moment better than further speech. Yet her woman's eyes spoke their message to the sister woman's eyes.

"Then you didn't get the telegram, ma'am?"

"No. Mr. Woodruffe left me to follow him. I—"

At that moment the housekeeper crossed the hall. Pauline left the girl and hurried across to Mrs. Marlow.

The housekeeper's eyes were scarlet as with much weeping, and her hands trembled visibly as they rested for a moment on the banister.

"Mrs. Marlow, has anything happened?" Pauline asked in a low, rapid voice. "The girl who opened the door spoke as though I were expected, said something of a telegram. What does it mean? Is Mr. Woodruffe ill?"

Her face was as white as chalk, and her voice had grown husky and thin, like the voice of an old woman.

Mrs. Marlow took her hand and led her gently into the library, which was empty.

"It's not the master," she said soothingly, "and we hope for the best; it's the little master, my lady, he's been ill ever since he arrived, and they're to know the worst to-day."

"The child? Very ill? Oh, no, he can't be ill, not really ill! A cold. Oh, thank God. I thought it was something dreadful. I thought—oh, I don't know what I thought—!" She gasped and fumbled with the fastenings of her cloak, like a woman fainting for lack of air.

The housekeeper went to her assistance with trembling hands.

"I'm afraid, my lady, that Master John has worse than a cold," she said, as she laid Pauline's cloak over the back of a chair. "He—"

Her voice caught; she gulped down the lump in her throat with difficulty. "It's pneumonia, my lady, and he's not strong in the chest, you know; but, please God, the worst will be over to-day, and they've got a very clever doctor. The master," she added, with an obvious effort, "is distracted. Oh, my lady, if anything happened to the little master!" Words failed her; she flung out her hands with an awkward gesture, which was yet strangely expressive.

"Pneumonia," said Pauline, dully. "pneumonia. If anything happened to the little master. Oh," she groaned, and covered her face with her hands, pressing them against her burning eyes, as though to try and shut out the hideous vision which the woman's words had called up.

There was a silence in the library, a silence broken rudely by the sudden flinging open of the door. Pauline looked up smitten with a sense of outrage as of one whose thoughts are rudely interrupted in a quiet sanctuary. She started to her feet, for in the doorway stood John Woodruffe.

"John," she cried, forgetting the housekeeper, and went towards him with outstretched hands. The look with which he met her eyes was terrible. "You have come at last," he said. "Woman, my child cries for you, only for that—!" he broke off abruptly, mastering himself with an effort, and the housekeeper, terrified, hurried past them out of the room.

To be continued to-morrow.

[If "forewarned be forearmed" every girl in Great Britain whose eyes are being dazzled by the glamour of the footlights should read our new story beginning to-day week. It shows the stage as it is.]

### PICTURE POSTCARDS.

12 Lovely Picture Postcards equal to the best, usually sold at one penny each, post free for 2½d. the dozen. Address, Editor (Picture Postcard Dept.), "IDLE MOMENTS," 12 and 13, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"IDLE MOMENTS" is on Sale at all Newsagents, &c., Every Monday. Price 1d.

### Taken in time

A disease neglected inevitably means health lost. No one can afford to be ill. Sickness is costly, painful, and dangerous. When you commence to feel run down, give Nature a friendly lift. Help it to throw off the impurities that clog the system. There is nothing like

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

to put the Bowels in good working order, to repair the Liver, to improve the Digestion and banish Headache and Insomnia. A few doses will make you feel like yourself. Beecham's Pills will do this. They prove all they claim. They save time, worry, and expense.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes, price 1s. 1½d. (56 pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 pills).

### 15 BUNS for 1d.

You can make 15 large, light, delicious and wholesome Buns from a 1d. packet of Eiffel Tower Bun Flour at a total cost of 3½d. It is so easy to use that a child can make delicious Lemon, Vanilla or Almond Buns with certain success.

### Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

Sold by all Grocers and Corn Merchants.





# WHERE MRS. GAMP NURSED "WHEN SHE WAS SO DISPOSED."

The Old Black Bull Inn in Holborn, immortalised in Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," Doomed by Commercial Expansion.

The old Black Bull in Holborn, a relic and landmark of old London, immortalised by Charles Dickens, is to come down.

Commerce rules London in these latter days as surely as it rules the world. The man who makes money makes history also. He brings in a new thing and away goes antiquity to provide space.

"Old London" is disappearing bit by bit. Familiar landmarks are one after another torn away with or without reverence or recognition. The needs of commercial progress and expansion must be served.

Mr. A. W. Gamage has been adding his quatum to commercial history; his "universal provider" business in Holborn has overgrown its present immense premises, and an extension is needed. Neighbouring buildings have been requisitioned for the purpose. They are to come down. Among them is the old Black Bull tavern, the latest London landmark to fall into the hands of the housebreaker.

With the disappearance of the "Black Bull" the last link in Holborn with the old coaching days will have gone. The stables have long ago been improved away. The continuous galleries that ran round the courtyard have been cut into sections, and, changed out of all knowledge, have done duty till but the other day as backyards for the sets of small flats, into which those portions of the rambling old hostelry were turned—again, to fit a less recent progress of commerce.

## Times Change.

Externally, the house is not much changed; it fronts the new Holborn of rumbling omnibuses and rushing motor-cars as it fronted the old street of the clattering coaches. The bus conductor pulls his bell where the guard of the coach blew his horn. But the sign of the Black Bull stands where it did—ready for the hand of the house-breaker.

Inside the visitor may still see for a few days the old bar parlour, with windows high from the floor and narrow-paned, that let in but a dim light, where Charles Dickens, they say, sat for hours to gather colour for his novel "Martin Chuzzlewit." Just by the door of this dull backroom is a winding, steep old staircase, which leads, with turn and twist and a landing between, to the room on the second floor, which tradition claims as the scene of the night nursing of Mr. Lewsome by Mrs. Gamp when she relieved Mrs. Prig.

Well, there at all events is the spacious brown oak press against the wall facing the window, which looks with all the dignity of an "ancient light" on to the courtyard, to-day lying littered with miscellaneous masses of builders' rubbish, and so made more unrecognisable than ever.

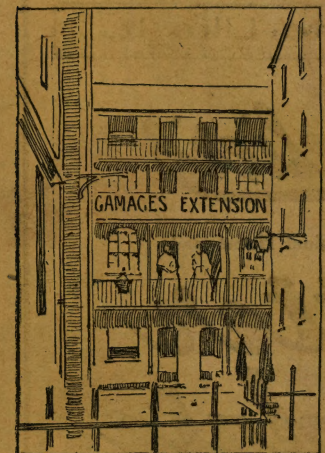
These landmarks are only interesting by reason of the Dickens magic. We may lose them one by one, but the words he wrote which made them what they were we do not lose. They preserve in simple printed fashion the "plain tale from the hill" of his genius—the world-mark he made.

This is how Dickens brought the Black Bull into "Martin Chuzzlewit."

"Deep in the City and within the Ward of Cheap" was the establishment of Mr. Mould, the undertaker.

## Mr. Mould's Reverie.

He sat placidly in his "harem," the common sitting-room of Mrs. Mould and family. It was over the little counting-house behind the shop from which "a pleasant sound arose of coffin-making



What was once the courtyard of the famous old coaching inn, the Black Bull, is now the back of workmen's dwellings. The Black Bull is being pulled down to make way for business premises.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

with low melodious hammer rat-tat-tat-tat, alike promoting slumber and digestion."

"Quite the buzz of insects," said Mr. Mould, closing his eyes in perfect luxury. "It puts one in mind of animated nature in the agricultural districts. It's exactly like the woodpecker tapping."

Then, with a tap at the door, in comes friend

Tucker, and after a preliminary business conversation makes no important announcement.

"Oh! Mrs. Gamp's below, and wants to speak to you."

"Tell Mrs. Gamp to come upstairs," said Mould. "Now, Mrs. Gamp, what's your news?" The lady in question was by this time in the doorway, curtseying to Mrs. Mould. At the same moment a peculiar fragrance was borne upon the breeze, as if a passing fairy had hicoughed and had previously been to a wine-vault.

Mrs. Gamp made no response to Mr. Mould, but curtseyed to Mrs. Mould again, and held up her hands and eyes, as in a devout Thanksgiving that she looked so well. She was neatly, but not gaudily, attired in the weeds she had worn when Mr. Pecksniff had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and was perhaps the turning of a scale more snuffy.

"And what's your news, Mrs. Gamp?" asked Mould again, as that lady wiped her lips upon her

to the landlord. He undertook readily to pay for the nursing doctor and the nurses.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Gamp, who had listened as a matter of duty. "A royal gentleman!"

She groaned her admiration so audibly that they all turned round. Mrs. Gamp felt the necessity of advancing, bundle in hand, and introducing herself.

## Her Inauguration Address.

"The night-nurse," she observed, "from Kingsgate-street, well known to Mrs. Prig, the day-nurse, and the best of creatures. How is the poor dear gentleman, to-night? If he ain't no better yet, still that is what must be expected and prepared for. It ain't the first time by a many score, ma'am," dropping a curtsey, "that Mrs. Prig and me has nussed together, turn and turn about, one off, one on. We knows each other's ways, and often gives relief when others fail. Our

Gamp remarked. "I'm glad to see a parapet, in case of fire, and lots of roofs and chimney-pots to walk upon."

Every reader of Dickens will remember the grim mingling of pathos, tragedy, and grotesque humour contained in the rest of the story of the "dark and not ill-looking young man."

\* \* \*

Still, without a moment's interval, the burning head tossed to and fro. Still, from time to time, fatigue, impatience, suffering, and surprise, found utterance upon that rack, and plainly too, though never once in words. At length, in the solemn hour of midnight, he began to m—; waiting awfully for answers sometimes; as though invisible companions were about his bed; and so replying to their speech and questioning again.

## Mrs. Gamp Disturbed.

Mrs. Gamp awoke, and sat up in her bed: presenting on the wall the shadow of a gigantic night constable, struggling with a prisoner.

"Come! Hold your tongue!" she cried, in sharp reproof. "Don't make none of that noise here."

There was no alteration in the face, or in the incessant motion of the head, but he talked on wildly.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gamp, coming out of the chair with an impatient shiver; "I thought I was asleepin' too pleasant to last! The devil's in the night, I think, it's turned so chilly."

"Don't drink so much!" cried the sick man. "You'll ruin us all. Don't you see how the fountain sinks? Look at the mark where the sparkling water was just now!"

"Sparkling water, indeed!" said Mrs. Gamp. "I'll have a sparkling cup o' tea, I think. I wish you'd hold your noise!"

He burst into a laugh, which, being prolonged, fell off into a dismal wail. Checking himself, with fierce inconstancy he began to count—fast.

"One—two—three—four—five—six."

"One, two, buckle my shoe," said Mrs. Gamp, who was now on her knees, lighting the fire; "three, four, shut the door—I wish you'd shut your mouth, young man—five, six, picking up sticks. If I'd got a few handy, I should have the kettle biling all the sooner."

## Chuzzlewit.

The fire beginning by this time to impart a grateful warmth, Mrs. Gamp became silent; gradually rubbed her nose more and more slowly along the top of the fender; and fell into a heavy doze. She was awakened by the room ringing (as she fancied) with a name she knew:

"Chuzzlewit!"

Mrs. Gamp jumped up in terror, and ran to the door. She expected to find the passage filled with people.

But the place was empty. She opened the window and looked out. Dark, dull, dingy, and desolate house-tops. As she passed to her seat again she glanced at the patient. Just the same, but silent. Mrs. Gamp was so warm now, that she threw off the watchman's coat, and fanned herself.



The Black Bull Hotel, the last of the old coaching inns in Holborn, is about to be demolished. It was a favourite haunt of Charles Dickens, and he made it the scene of the famous episode in "Martin Chuzzlewit," where Mrs. Gamp nurses Mr. Lewsome. The old building is to-day just as it was in the time of the famous novelist, and the same realistic sign is still over the door.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

shawl, after taking off a dram of rum in quite a scientific manner, and nibbled a corner off a soft biscuit, which she appeared to carry in her pocket as a provision against contingent drams. "How's Mr. Chuffey?"

"Mr. Chuffey, sir," she replied, "is just as usual; he ain't no better and he ain't no worse. I take it very kind in the gentleman to have wrote up to you and said, 'Let Mrs. Gamp take care of him till I come home'; but ev'rythink he does is kind. There ain't a many like him. If there was we shouldn't want no churches."

"What do you want to speak to me about, Mrs. Gamp?" said Mould, coming to the point.

## A Gent at the Bull.

"Test this, sir," Mrs. Gamp returned, "with thanks to you for asking. There is a gent, sir, at the Bull in Holborn, as has been took ill there, and is bad abed. They have a day-nurse as was recommended from Bartholomew's; and well I knows her, Mr. Mould, her name bein' Mrs. Prig, the best of creatures. But she is overways engaged at night, and they are in want of night watching; consequent she says to them, having reposed the greatest friendliness in me for twenty year, 'The soberest person going, and the best of blessings in a sick room is Mrs. Gamp. Send a boy to Kingsgate-street,' she says, 'and snap her up at any price, for Mrs. Gamp is worth her weight and more in golden guineas. My landlord brings the message down to me, and says, 'Bein' in a tight place where you are, and this job promising so well, why not unite the two?' 'No, sir,' I says, 'not unbeknown to Mr. Mould, and therefore do not think it. But I will go to Mr. Mould,' I says, 'and ask him, if you like.' Here she looked sideways at the undertaker, and came to a stop."

## Her New Engagement.

The business was concluded, but not before Mrs. Gamp had taken a card or two from Mr. Mould, the undertaker, referring to his business.

She found her way home, a little unsteadily, it must be confessed, and lay down to rest till seven o'clock.

The persuading poor old Chuffey to betake himself to bed, she sallied forth upon her new engagement. First, she went to her private lodgings in Kingsgate-street, for a bundle of robes and wrappings comfortable in the night season; and then repaired to the Bull in Holborn, which she reached as the clocks were striking eight. There in the yard was John Westlock, talking

charges is but low, sir"—Mrs. Gamp addressed herself to John on this head—"considerin' the state of our painful dooty. If they was made accordin' to our wishes, they would be easy paid."

Regarding herself as having now delivered her inauguration address, Mrs. Gamp curtseyed all round, and signified her wish to be conducted to the scene of her official duties.

The door of the sick-room upstairs, to which Mrs. Gamp was led by the chambermaid, through intricate passages, lay at the end of a long gallery.

## Mrs. Prig's Impatience.

Mrs. Gamp, in the great heat of many stairs and a large bundle, tapped at the door, which was immediately opened by Mrs. Prig, bonneted and shawled, and all impatience to be gone. Mrs. Prig was of the Gamp build, but not so fat; and her voice was deeper, and more like a man's. She had also a beard.

"I began to think you warn't a coming!" Mrs. Prig observed, in some displeasure.

"It shall be made good to-morrow night," said Mrs. Gamp, "homable. I have to go and fetch my things." She had begun to make signs of inquiry in reference to the position of the patient and his overhearing them—for there was a screen before the door—when Mrs. Prig settled that point easily.

"Oh!" she said aloud, "he's quiet, but his wits is gone. It ain't no matter wot you say."

"Anythin' to tell afore you goes, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gamp, setting her bundle down inside the door, and looking affectionately at her partner.

"The pickled salmon," Mrs. Prig replied, "is quite delicious. I can partickler recommend it. Don't have nothink to say to the cold meat, for it tastes of the stable. The drinks is all good."

Mrs. Gamp expressed herself much gratified.

## Lots of Chimney-Pots.

"The physic and them things is on the drawers and mangleself," said Mrs. Prig, cursorily. "He took his last slime draught at seven. The easy-chair ain't soft enough. You'll want his pillow."

Mrs. Gamp thanked her for these hints, and giving her a friendly good night, held the door open until she had disappeared at the other end of the gallery. Having thus performed the hospitable duty of seeing her safely off, she shut it, locked it on the inside, took up her bundle, walked round the screen, and entered on her occupation of the sick chamber.

"A little dull, but not so bad as might be," Mrs.



The X marks the room in the old Black Bull Hotel, in Holborn, where Mrs. Gamp is reputed to have nursed Mr. Lewsome.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

She brewed her tea, made some buttered toast, and sat down at the teaboard with her face to the fire.

When once again, in a tone more terrible than that which had vibrated in her slumbering ears, these words were shrieked out:

"Chuzzlewit! Jonas! No!"

## The Doctor Shook His Head.

It was bright morning the next time Mrs. Gamp looked out of window, and the sun was rising cheerfully.

Mrs. Prig relieved punctually. The doctor came, too. The doctor shook his head. It was all he could do, under the circumstances, and he did it well.

\* \* \*

"I suppose," observed Mrs. Prig, when they had curtseyed the doctor out, "there's nothin' new?"

"Nothin' at all, my dear," said Mrs. Gamp. "But Betsey Prig"—speaking with great feeling, and laying her hand upon her arm—"try the cowcumbers, God bless you!"



SOME FREE PRESENTS which  
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## SPORT AT WARWICK.

Young Jarvis Rides a Great Race on Goring Heath and Greatly Enhances His Reputation, Leicester To-day.

## SPECIAL NOTES BY "GREY FRARS."

## MARK HACKLER'S PRIDE.

Jupiter Pluvius in Reserve for the Two Thousand Guineas.

Brilliant weather made glad the hearts of visitors to picturesque Warwick yesterday. The sun shone with ardour, and light breezes flected the April sky. The countryside is at last showing the effect of advancing spring, and in no district is that advance more apparent than in the beautiful neighbourhood of the centre of England. The course was in first-rate order excepting a few spots, and again an immense number of holiday makers were provided with good sport.

They saw at least one very exciting race, the Warwickshire Plate, which was won through the daring tactics of young Jarvis, who snatched the verdict by a head. Spectators almost held their breath when this lad on Goring Heath pushed into a very narrow opening between Ariosto and the rails. There seemed to be danger of a possibly fatal accident. Scarcely six inches from the stout timber galloped Goring Heath, close pinned alongside lay Ariosto, well ridden by young Leader. Both boys showed excellent horsemanship, and superadded there was the light-headedness of youth in an adventure which would have deterred the most experienced of jockeys. Finally, the form last year was pretty good, and as he figured as a winner during the late season over hurdles there could be no doubt of his fitness.

## Trotting Very Fit.

Indeed, the colt looked in perfect trim, so he was made favourite for the Warwickshire Plate. Ariosto's Lincoln was suggested in no uncertain way his capacity for doing this two-mile course. There was perhaps as much to be said for Goring Heath, who claimed certain weight allowances. As a two-year-old he was disposed of, after running second to Albion at Nottingham, for 425 by William Jarvis, but that trainer bought the colt back—and, as we now see, it was a fortunate transaction. Hairbrake was also backed for the same mark as Kimbrake. The last-named lay up for nearly a mile behind Braw Lass colt, but then dropped back beaten, and around to back across Ariosto and Hairbrake soon forged ahead. Goring Heath followed them into the straight, a moderate third, but soon closed up, and at the distance Jarvis forced him into the narrow opening on the rails, with the result already stated. There was an objection immediately lodged against the winner for leaving the rails, but the referee, Mr. Arthur James, and Mr. W. Lowe, overruled the protest, and to mark their sense of the inadequacy of the grounds on which the objection was made ordered the £3 deposited to be forfeited.

Several of the principal patrons of Fallon's stable were present. Neither they nor anyone else who saw Caprice in the paddock seemed inclined to invest a penny on that horse for the Swan Meadow Plate. There were only four runners, and "10 to 1 Caprice" found no acceptors. Odds were laid on that shapely three-year-old Chichory, and really won. Sakubona was indulged with a lead for the greater part of the journey, but the favourite strode past some three hundred yards from home, and scored just as easily as the jockey pleased. Mr. Curtis's colours were seen to much greater advantage in the Leamington Plate, where, in a good-looking youngster, named Newcastle, a son of Nunthorpe, he was seen to much greater start, and, cruising over to the rails, soon left the field far behind. Tooting finished nearest to Newcastle, and will, no doubt, pick up a juvenile selling race before the season is much older.

## Meglona Colt Falls Again.

The colt by Ramapo—Meglona, for whom excuses had been made for a failure when beaten by Simenah at Northampton, now cut up badly. The whole lot, indeed, must be reckoned extremely moderate, as Newcastle had run badly behind the Talky Talky colt, and was now sold to Mr. Randall for 175 guineas. Class, indeed, was conspicuous by its absence throughout the day. But for a small ring there was some merry betting on the Town Plate. Favouritism varied till Dalwhinnie settled down at the head of the quotations and Impious receded. Old Bourton Hill also felt the draught through the demand for Hallick's horse, and seemed no more favoured than a few days ago at Birmingham, and now scarcely recouped his losses.

It is evident that the beautifully-bred Samphire (Ingliss—Chelandy) will never do any credit to Lord Rosebery's colours. The filly ran as badly in the Grove Park Plate as she has done at Liverpool. Big Gun was expected to follow up the success of Chichory for Percy Lowe's stable, but that youngster met a superior in Bright Star, who got off the better placed of the pair, and, though lying behind Devil's Limit, Ariadne, and Remissent for a long time, he soon paid the account. A clever win by a length from Big Gun was the fair reward. Bright Star was bred by his owner, Mr. G. Turner, at the Walderton Stud in Sussex, the sire being Cherry Tree, who was himself by Hampton. It should be added that Burnet practically got left at the barrier, and Bonnie Earl also began badly.

The majority of spectators reckoned Dovekick to be about the best thing of the day, and odds were freely laid on him for the April Handicap. The colt failed to stay. He went like a winner for about six furlongs, then slowed down, and All Hot, who was now meeting Dovekick on considerably better terms (10lb), overtook him at the distance

and won easily. Express did not go very kindly for Trixy, yet got into second place.

There were some nibblings yesterday after Hackler's Pride for the City and Suburban Handicap. That filly is quite capable of winning that race, and indeed is likely to do so and add to her Cambridgeshire laurels, and incidentally to the record put up for Fallon's stable already this season.

Mr. Arthur James does not intend to run Jupiter Pluvius until the Two Thousand Guineas, but I notice the colt's name appears among the acceptances for the Newmarket Handicap.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

## LEICESTER.

- 2.0. Oadby Maiden—GIVE AND TAKE.  
3.30. Botesford Handicap—BRACEWELL.  
3.50. Meiton Plate—LYVIA.  
3.50. Gosnell Plate—KINETIC.  
4.0. Billesden Plate—ANCASTER.  
4.30. Durham Plate—ORIENTAL PRINCESS.  
5.0. Catterick Bridge.  
5.50. Craven Plate—FIDELAE.  
2.55. Zetland Plate—AMALGAMATION.  
4.30. Maiden Hurdle—GARDENIEST.

## GREY FRARS.

## RACING RETURNS.

## WARWICK—WEDNESDAY.

- 1.45. SWAN MEADOW WELTER PLATE of 110 sovs.  
Mr. T. N. Liddell's CHICORY, by Symington-Bil.  
Mr. J. S. Curtis's SAKUBONA, 3yrs, 7st 11lb. Jarvis 1  
Lord Howard de Walsden's GUN CARTRIDGE, 4yrs, 8st 11lb. 10 to 1. Jarvis 1  
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## Houses and Properties

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## Auctions.

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

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